

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER



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Interoceanic Communications.

The development of the Pacific coast of America, and the spread of enterprise in the Pacific Ocean, surpass the high anticipations created by the rapid growth of California. The successful establishment of steam navigation between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, Japan and China marks an era in the history of commerce, and is sure to give to the Eastern trade a new direction and stimulus. And if what we are told of the forests and fisheries of our recent acquisitions on the Northwest coast be half true, a new and most important source of wealth is opening in that direction. All these are patent reasons for making our connections with the Pacific ample and complete. In that way alone can we hope to reap a portion of the rich harvest ripening under our eyes.

At present, unfortunately for travel and trade, we have but one available route open between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and however much we may sympathize with the enterprise and perseverance of our countrymen who established it, it is not to be denied that it is badly located geographically, and inadequate in nearly all the necessary conditions of a great interoceanic highway. Our country and most of its commercial interests lie in high latitudes, and convenience, economy of time and money—in fact, every consideration that can be named, insist that our route of transit between the seas should be as far north as practicable. Hence the vast national importance of the Pacific railway, which is, furthermore, a necessity for postal and military purposes.

But no one pretends that the Pacific railway, or half a dozen like it, can possibly meet the great purposes of commerce and travel. No freight, except the precious metals and "express freight" made up of articles of small bulk and high value, can bear the cost of three thousand miles of railway transportation, mainly through a vast region where the cost of keeping up railways must be twice or three times above ordinary rates. Nor will the great bulk

household outfit with him, will never pass over the Pacific railway. He will seek the easy, relatively cheap and sufficiently rapid route by the Isthmus, where travel by rail will be reduced to its minimum.

Indeed, it is obvious that for ordinary freight and ordinary travel, the Isthmus must continue to be the great route between our Atlantic and Pacific ports and possessions, and between Europe and Australia and the East. The completion of the Pacific railway, by stimulating and facilitating industry and commerce

But the time has come when we must have a better, shorter and cheaper route. There are half a dozen points in Central America where such may be established, all of which present unquestionable advantages over Panama. Roads have been projected at Chiriqui, through Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and at Tehuantepec. Some of these have been partly or wholly surveyed, and others, as at Honduras and Tehuantepec, have been actually located. And these two are precisely those which lie furthest north, and nearest our own latitude,

spect of ports and local resources. One great difficulty with Tehuantepec is, that it is literally studded over with conflicting grants, which have been conceded at all sorts of times, by all sorts of governments, to all sorts of people. The latest concession is to a New Orleans company. The Honduras route, although originally conceded to an American company, is now in English hands. Latest accounts represent that it has been put under contract, and that the shares for its construction have been entirely taken up. Indeed, they are quoted on the London and Paris exchanges at from three to four per cent. premium. It seems likely, therefore, that this will be the next transit opened across Central America. And although we all would prefer that our countrymen should have the honor and profit of completing, as well as that of originating it, still for all general and essential purposes, it will be equally useful to us.

Among its advantages, which travelers cannot fail to appreciate, will be the saving its opening will effect, both in distance and in time. It will save about 1,200 miles of distance, and, owing to greater facilities of embarkation and re-embarkation, etc., about five days of time. The service on both oceans, owing to diminished distance, may be performed with fewer steamers, and without stopping in mid-voyage to coal. Fare, consequently, will be reduced in proportion; and, finally, the road will be through a rich, cool, and thoroughly healthful country.

The United States as "A Great Power."

A CABLE dispatch announced some days ago that General Dix has suggested to the Emperor Louis Napoleon that the United States should be represented in the next European Congress, and that the Emperor Louis Napoleon has received the suggestion with favor. The ground upon which the presence of our representative in the Congress will be justified, the dispatch intimates, is—that we are now a "great power."

We do not credit the story of the cable. We have too high an opinion of General Dix's good sense. But the fact that we are a "great power" is indisputable. We had no doubt about it before the war, and now the whole world is convinced. We are acquiring territory; we have the material out of which to form an immense army at very short notice; we have a navy carrying heavy guns; we have Grant and Farragut; we have the Alabama claims; we have a voluminous diplomatic correspondence about Mexico on file in the State Department. There can be no question about

CHARLES DICKENS, THE POPULAR ENGLISH AUTHOR.—SEE PAGE 195.

beyond the Rocky Mountains, will make some safe and adequate route across Central America more and more a desideratum. That across the country at Panama is not safe either in respect of ports or health—it is badly situated and inadequate. The enterprise that opened it has been richly rewarded. It has made its owners millionaires, and no one complains of their good fortune. They tried a new and hazardous experiment and they succeeded, as they deserved to do. And we have a just pride in the fact that they were Americans.

which is a great advantage, for every mile of southing beyond a certain point is two miles out of the way, as between our Atlantic and Pacific ports. All other things, therefore, being equal, this fact would limit an election of routes to these alone. And, practically, it is thus limited. In respect of distance, the two are about equal; that via Tehuantepec having some advantages in this respect, computed from New Orleans and some other ports. But, on the other hand, the advantages are overwhelmingly in favor of Honduras in re-

our greatness. All the world is inclined at present to be respectful and even friendly to us. A few years ago astute French and English diplomats discussed the advisability of composing our domestic affairs by an intervention. Since the date of that discussion, France has pocketed her dignity and gone home from Mexico, and Lord Stanley has stoned with honeyed courtesy for the baseness of his noble predecessors in the British Foreign Office. If we have any trouble in future with European nations, it is almost certain that it must be of our own seeking.

Why should we seek it? Is it essential that a great power shall meddle in the affairs of other powers? Does our new accession of dignity require that we should busy ourselves with discussions, which may lead to very serious consequences, about the Temporal Power and the Eastern question? The fathers of the Republic will turn uneasily in their graves if we so grossly violate their favorite maxims of American statesmanship. We have enough to do at home; if we want more, we have this Western half of the world quite to ourselves. We can advise, reprove, help and bully the little Republics at our doors with comparative impunity. But, surely, we are not so puffed up with our newly-acquired importance as to voluntarily join in the incantations around the diplomatic kettle in which the devil's broth of European politics is simmering. An American representative in a congress of the great powers! What business has he on board that galley? If General Dix were as *ruse* and impudent as Scapin himself, he would be puzzled to answer.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Our Principles.

"I WOULD reduce the rate of taxation to the lowest point that would defray the expenses of the Government, economically administered, and pay the interest and maturing obligations, and leave the principal of the bonded debt to be discharged in other and better times."—*Senator Morton.*

"In the passage by Congress of a bill by two-thirds majority over a Presidential veto, the Executive power is constitutionally annihilated on that subject, and the President has no longer a right, for any reason, to interpose an obstacle to the administration of the law."—*Gen. Bowditch.*

"Under no circumstance shall the credit of the Nation or State be injured by wrongful tampering with public obligations, nor shall the name of the Republic ever be dishonored by the slightest deviation from the path of financial integrity."—*Republican Convention of New York.*

"Let our laws and our institutions speak not of white men, not of red men, not of black men, not of men of any complexion; but like the laws of God—the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer—let them speak of the people."—*Horace Mann.*

Special Notice.

We shall be happy to enter into negotiations with any author of established reputation, whose engagements will permit, for a Continued Story for THE CHIMNEY CORNER or the LADY'S MAGAZINE. The highest price will be paid. Decision promptly given.

Announcement.

Next week we shall conclude the charming story of "Taming a Tartar," which will be succeeded by an interesting serial by one of our most popular writers.

Triumphs and Reverses.

On the 25th of November the anniversary of the evacuation of this city by the British was celebrated in the usual way. There were the customary processions, military musters, display of flags, and shoutings of small boys, and if their seniors did not show any exuberance of spirits it was only because such celebrations had by frequent repetition grown stale. It must not be supposed, however, that any real indifference was felt as to the event in memory of which the demonstrations were made, only it is hard to be patriotic to order, and to work ourselves into a state of enthusiasm over an event which happened nearly a century ago, and the annual celebration of which we have seen during a long series of years.

But while these rejoicings were in progress in this city, there was enacted in one of the Government offices in Washington a scene which, if properly appreciated, might have served to temper the spirits of the popular refrain of

"Evacuation Day When the British ran away."

If it were possible that any spirit of revenge still lingered among the descendants of those whose ignominious retreat is perpetuated in this doggerel, it might have been gratified by knowing that on the anniversary of that day our Government put its hand to a contract which gave to its ancient opponent the undivided supremacy of the steam-navigation of

the Atlantic. And even though national animosities have subsided into commercial rivalry, it is none the less mortifying to our national pride to own ourselves beaten, and the fact that our national flag is untarnished is small compensation for having lowered that of our mercantile marine.

Our readers are probably aware that, by agreement with the British Post-office authorities, a very important change is to be made in the postal communication between the United States and Great Britain, to take effect from the 1st of January, 1868. The rates of postage on single letters is to be reduced from twenty-four cents to twelve cents on letters from the United States, and from one shilling to sixpence on letters from Great Britain. As part of this treaty, each Government is to make its own contracts with steamboat owners for conveying the mails. Hitherto the regular mails have been conveyed by the steamers of the Cunard Company, who received as compensation a fixed sum from the British Government amounting to about £170,000 a year, and for this they carried the mails both to and from the United States, the British Government receiving the amount of the postages, making certain allowances to our Government for collecting and distributing the letters. This contract is about to expire, and as rival steamboat lines have demonstrated their capability of carrying the mails unsubsidized, as swiftly and regularly as the subsidized "Cunard Company," it is probable that Parliament will refuse to sanction the job of renewing the fixed grant to this line, or if renewed at all, in consideration of past services, it will be for only a short time.

We understand that tenders have been made, and accepted by the British Post-office for the conveyance of the mails, and it is yet in doubt whether the Cunard Company, having refused to make tenders in competition with rivals whom they have always affected to despise, will convey any part of the mails. Our own Government likewise solicited tenders, and on the 25th November these were opened in Washington, and the contracts awarded for a tri-weekly service, namely: on Tuesdays and Thursdays by the Hamburg and Bremen steamers respectively, touching at Southampton; and on Saturdays by the Inman steamers to Queenstown; the Cunard Company here, as in London, refusing to compete, though it is not unlikely that if they choose to carry letters on the same terms as the others, they will have the Wednesday mail, thus giving us mail facilities four times a week. The public is

not yet informed of the terms of these contracts, but we believe that the steamers are to receive for their services a proportion of the postages, each Government reserving sufficient to cover its expenses of collecting and delivering the letters. The public is to be benefited not alone by reduced rates of postage and more frequent deliveries of letters, but also by the mails closing uniformly at noon, instead of occasionally, as heretofore, at an unseasonably early hour in the morning, to conform to the caprice of the subsidized British mail steamer.

But what is mortifying to us Americans in the matter of these mail contracts is, that no American steamer competed for the service, and thus, to continue the moral of our story, we evacuated the steam navigation of the Atlantic, in favor of our rivals, on the anniversary of the day when their last hostile forces evacuated their last foothold in these States. To this must be added, to complete the picture of our degeneracy, that though German Steam Companies divide the contract with a company running direct to England, their steamers are all British built, purchased with German capital, and sailed on German account. It is no consolation to be told by our shipbuilders that they can build and equip better and faster steamers. The fact is that they do not, and that the Fulton and Arago, the two last American steamers on the Atlantic, unable to stand the competition of screw steamers, are now withdrawn. Neither is it any satisfaction to learn that the Pacific trade is all our own, and that a monthly steamer between California and China and Japan may make amends for the profits we forego in surrendering the immense freighting business with Europe to our rivals. When the navigation of the Eastern seas is worth having, we may depend upon it that our immense wooden side-wheel steamers will be cut out of their trade also by the fast and economical iron screw propellers which all the world, except ourselves, can buy on the Clyde or on the Tyne at half the cost at which we can build them.

It is exactly to this point that no one can fail to trace the disgrace, for it is nothing less, that has fallen upon us. From various causes, not necessary here to enumerate, Great Britain can build and equip iron screw steamers better and cheaper than any other nation in the world. All the world, except ourselves, goes to her ship-yards and buys them, and we do not. And why? Because our Navigation Laws forbid such dealings; or, which amounts to the same thing, American registry is forbidden except to American built ships. In

other words, an Act designed to protect and foster American ship-building, has by its rigid enforcement protected it out of existence. No doubt one effect of our late war was to drive our sailing-vessels from the ocean, but besides that there must be something radically wrong in the legislation that hinders the rebuilding of these ships after the war has ceased, there is nothing to show that had the war never occurred the question of ocean navigation by British screw steamers would not have assumed the proportions it does now. It is certain that before the war our shipyards never did turn out an iron screw steamer capable of competing with those of the Inman or Cunard line, and it is equally certain that, under the protective system then, as now, in vogue, they never could.

What, then, is the remedy? There is but

one—repeal the Navigation Laws. If even

then, our merchants cannot build ships, they

can at least buy them in the open market, and

the repairs alone of a fleet of such vessels will

give employment to thousands of our artisans

now out of work. Then the freight on the

larger part of our importations, instead of

being remitted regularly to Europe, as it now

is, will remain in the pockets of our mer-

chants, and the accumulations of the wealth

of individuals acquired by industry and legiti-

mate enterprise, means an increase of the na-

tional wealth. As matters now stand, we are

ground down by taxation, and the industry

which would enable us to bear the burden with

cheerfulness is forbidden by law. Labor,

honorable, legitimate and profitable, is before

us; we would work if we might, but the Gov-

ernment steps in, and says we shall not, while

it lays on us a taxation which can only be paid

out of capital. All we want is a fair field and

no favor. We want no protection, if protection

is to cripple us in this manner. We have

knowledge, enterprise, some seamen (not too

many), and all our capital is not yet swallowed

up by the tax-gatherer. Let the Government,

then, release us from our swaddling-clothes,

for we have the stature and strength of men,

and are fit to cope with men of any other race,

in the struggle for national prosperity.

The contracts just signed with our rivals are

only for one year. If Congress will only give

our merchants fair play, by removing the re-

strictions that now hamper their industry, we

believe that 1869 will see the profits of the

mail service enriching our own citizens, no less

than the profits on freight and the immigra-

tion business, all which now go into the pockets

of our rivals.

Extraordinary Phenomena.

The past few weeks have been characterized by a series of very marked physical and meteorological phenomena. First, we have had the terrible tornado on the coast of Texas, of the results of which in the Bay of Galveston we have given several striking pictorial illustrations. This tornado has been followed by one still more severe in the Antilles, and which fell with fearful effect on the islands of St. Thomas, Porto Rico, and Tortola. The latter, a British dependency, and with an area of forty-eight square miles, is said to have been completely submerged, and ten thousand lives lost. In Porto Rico two hundred lives were lost, and the crops on the southern part of the island completely destroyed. The loss of life in St. Thomas was also great. Of its extent some idea may be formed from the statement that reaches us by telegraph, that "some five hundred bodies remaining unburied have been buried." The destruction of property was immense. It is estimated that the various steamship companies having establishments on the island have alone lost in vessels and otherwise, \$12,000,000. A storm hardly less severe, but less disastrous only for want of material to work on, has also visited the shores of our newly acquired territory on the north-west coast of the continent. And now the cable brings us the intelligence that Vesuvius has broken out in an eruption which promises to be one of the grandest known. And finally the November meteors made their appearance with commendable exactness at the time set down for them by the philosophers.

The lamented and logical sage of Brooklyn Heights, if he were still alive, would no doubt connect these phenomena with each other, the Garibaldian expedition, the fall elections and the weather.

A very homely but readable book has just been published by the Oneida Community of this State, dictated by Mr. S. Newhouse and other Trappers, called "The Trapper's Guide for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals," etc., which is full of information about wild animals and their habits, and modes of utilizing them. A rough and ready but by all odds the most savory mode of cooking "fish, flesh and fowl," is thus juicily set forth by Mr. Newhouse:

"The very best way of cooking fish and fowl ever devised is familiar to woodsmen, but unknown to city epicures. It is this: Take a large fish—say a trout of three or four pounds, fresh from its gambols in the cool stream—cut a small hole at the neck and abstract the intestines. Wash the inside clean, and season it with pepper and salt; or, if convenient, fill it with stuffing made of bread-crums or crackers chopped up with meat. Make a fire outside the tent, and when it

has burned down to embers, raise it open, put in the fish, and cover it with the coals and hot ashes. Within an hour take it from its bed, peel off the skin from the clean flesh, and you will have a trout with all its original juices and flavors preserved within it; a dish too good, as Isaac Walton would say, "for any but very honest men." Grouse, ducks, and various other fowls can be cooked deliciously in a similar way. The intestines of the bird should be taken out by a small hole at the vent, and the inside washed and stuffed as before. Then wet the feathers thoroughly, and cover with hot embers. When the cooking is finished, peel off the burnt feathers and skin, and you will find underneath a lump of nice juicy flesh, which, when once tasted, will never be forgotten. The peculiar advantage of this method of roasting is that the covering of embers prevents the escape of the juices by evaporation."

We are told that "pork fritters are among the nicest things known," and that this is the way to cook them: they are to be dipped in batter and fried in hot fat till they are light brown. "They are delicious," he adds; "try them any day: it is not at all necessary to have an appetite."

As for Muskrats, the following account is too interesting to be shortened:

"Muskrats have a curious method of traveling long distances under the ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding-grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take in breath at starting and remain under the water as long as they can. Then they rise up to the ice, and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and the ice, and then take it in again and go on till the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the ice. The hunter sometimes takes advantage of this habit of the Muskrat, in the following manner: When the marshes and ponds where Muskrats abound are first frozen over and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet for the purpose of setting his traps, he frequently sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim away under the ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has had time to take his bubble again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter and beaver travel under the ice in the same way; and hunters have frequently told me of taking otter in the manner I have described, when these animals visit the houses of the Muskrat for prey."

A witty writer says of the late Paris Exposition:

"A French idea alone could have so arranged the great lesson of life that gold—almighty gold—should be enshrined in the innermost adytum of the sanctuary, and that the Holy of Holies should be the home of the cologne of all the world, while the guinguette and the loose-zoned graces in the persons of sham hours and shabby Hebe should administer every variety of Styrian nectar and the ambrosia of Hades, in the uttermost ring of what, as a whole, it would have puzzled Daedalus whether to assign to Hell or to Paradise. * * * It suited the French Emperor to get himself visited by Czar and Kaiser, and he did get himself visited. It suited him to have a very great exhibition, such a one as the world never saw before, and he had it. This estimate begins and ends the Paris Exhibition. Such as the world never saw before; a eulogy which, for vagueness, is exactly the same as the universal formula by which ladies describe their sensations—'I never saw the like.' No doubt it was the very biggest collection ever collected, and the building which contained the biggest collection was the very ugliest even in the long catalogue of uglinesses which have been devoted to this catastrophe."

The Italians are not angry with their King for his wretched subservience to the French Emperor, because it is no use to be angry with a mere fire-eating Nimrod, but they have begun to ask already what use it is keeping up so hopeless a creature?

In shedding blood for the temporal power of the Pope, the French Emperor has been wasting blood. The day must come when this Pope, or another, will have to yield to the unanimous wish of Italy; and Napoleon III. has been sacrificing life, not so much for the sake of a sovereignty which, after all, is doomed, as for the sake of his own position in France. No doubt he is in a difficult position, but if his peculiar position in France necessitates the use of Chassepot rifles against half-armed Italian revolutionists, it becomes a serious question, both for France and mankind, whether his position is not an expensive thing to the world to maintain.

There is no small favor that we are more likely to ask of a friend than "to take charge of a little parcel" when going from one place or country to another. It is one to which the friend is least likely to refuse, although he knows it will give him much annoyance, and might just as well be sent another way. To be "bearer of dispatches" is a very small but very common ambition. Some seek it for some imaginary importance it may confer; others, as likely to give some imaginary immunity in custom-houses. A friend of ours sought the position, in visiting the continent, and was entrusted with an ambassador's bag. We have him to tell his own story:

"These bags are no small care to their bearers: they are like those of King Midas, if you untie the strings the secret is out. Some year back, I had the 'boun' flare up' was expected at the time, and the 'bag' and the 'bagman' became an object of undigging attention to the French Government. I was taken care of from Boulogne to Marseilles—carefully looked after. I was attached to the bag at first love, and head on to it with the grip of a bulldog, slept on it for a pillow, and at last, to my inexpressible joy, gave it up to the Secretary of Embassy at Florence. God knows what it contained—something like a book, perhaps the last novel or the grand diplomatic fee-fum, the dictionary. You, of course, know what the dictionary is. The whole of Europe depends upon the dictionary, the great diplomatic cipher. Ever since the discovery of hieroglyphs and cuneiform, it has been clearly made palpable that no alphabet cipher can escape an 'expert' at finding out to some kind of idiographic cipher is used. For example, an English dictionary is taken, and the dictionary is marked with a series of running numbers, 1 to 10,000, beginning in the middle, say the letter M. 'Macaroni,' 2 'Mac,' 3 'Machine,' so on through Z, back again by A down to 1, to the end of L, 999 'Lynch.' One duplicate is sent to each ambassador, and then they can telegraph dividends and quotients to their heart's content. This system is considered to be discovered except by an act of treason. Such is the mystery of diplomacy, as explained to me by a well-known hand, whose name occasionally figures amidst that corps. After all, the ambassadors are not very astute. When the remains of Franklin and his companions were found in the polar regions, with them some papers turned up with writing in an unknown language. This was supposed to be the pious effusions of a poor soul lost in the icy waste, and much interest was taken in deciphering it. The papers passed from expert to expert, headed, dappled, American, S. Steinway Hall, James Parton, and a brown-and-white man (poor

expert, and, as a last resource, were sent to the Swedish ambassador who is supposed to see further into these milieus than the rest of his brethren. The language baffled the ambassador—foored every one, and as a last resource was sent to a lithographer to *fac simile*. He placed it before a looking-glass, and it turned out to be English written backward, and, unfortunately, more ribald than select."

A MRS. MILLER, who was hanged last month in Pennsylvania, made a confession before her execution, in which she describes the different kinds of "devils' birth" she compounded for her husband before she succeeded in poisoning him:

"I first thought of murdering my husband in the summer of 1865. I tried first to poison him with tea made with laurel leaves and the filings of a brass buckle. Then with the quicksilver off the back of a looking-glass. Then I gave him, in two doses, a bottle of laudanum, which I got from Dr. Potter for the cramp. Then some indigo. Then, one day, going after the cows, I killed a small, green grass snake, which I boiled and gave to him in coffee. All these things were given either in tea or coffee, according as one or the other was used at meals. None of them had the least effect upon him—did not even make him sick."

MR. COMMISSIONER WELLS estimates the cotton crop of the United States for the present year at about 3,000,000 of bales. Under the stimulus of high prices, the world has produced more cotton than it can consume at the prices of the day. To cheapen prices may greatly extend the consumption after recovery from the first shock of so great a change. But, in this fall of prices, the profit of the producer, resting upon the higher prices which invited his outlay, has, to a very great extent, and for the time, been lost. Mr. Wells is of opinion that cotton-growing in the Southern States, if untaxed, can be conducted profitably and successfully, as against all competition elsewhere, but that if burdened by a tax sufficient to be worth to the Treasury the cost of its collection, it cannot at present, if ever, be successfully prosecuted.

VARIA.

MISS KELLOGG, the American cantatrice, now in London, has created a sensation. Her success is perfectly wonderful, and has been far greater than her most sanguine friends dared to expect. She was instantly placed upon the apex, and is now the principal talk in all the fashionable circles in London and Paris. She is highly praised by the eminent leading citizens there, who seem perfectly enraptured with our American Queen of Song. It seems that she has never sung better than she does there. We may all feel proud of our prima donna. Numerous letters from distinguished parties, congratulating her, are being constantly received—and, in short, London is ablaze with Kellogg.

Land speculation has broken out in Alaska, shrewd speculators thinking that in a dozen years Sitka will be a town of 50,000 population.

At the Five Points House of Industry there was a novel attraction upon the centre table, which was presented by one of our hotels. It consisted of a roasted sheep of about seventy-five pounds weight, with a horse's head, skillfully wrought from a mammoth turnip. A flashy rider was supplied by a huge boiled lobster, one of whose claws formed the head, which was covered by a cavalry hat, with feather and cord cut from another turnip. Upon either haunch were perched a couple of birds, with long wings and tail-feathers, cut with a penknife from carrots and parsnips. The body was covered with sprigs of evergreen, interlaid by many red and white hundred-leaf roses, shaped in perfect proportions from beets and turnips. All the tables were well-supplied with turkeys and other accessories of a Thanksgiving dinner, but this one, with its unique ornament, could not have been surpassed in point of novelty by any other in the city.

Baron Von Havre, of the Belgian Legation, has married Camilla Webb, a Treasury clerk, whom he saw at work in the Treasury Department, and promptly loved. "Camilla's husband" is rich, and in every way an eligible individual; and the bridal couple are going on a wedding-tour to Europe.

A company of Frenchmen in Mexico have purchased the convent of St. Domingo, and are tunneling under it for treasure.

Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry W. Longfellow visited Dickens on Wednesday of last week, but no formal reception has yet been tendered him.

The Stanton affair is to be made one of the first topics of debate in Congress, and the correspondence is already called for. General Grant is making such a good War Minister, however, that the public generally sees no good reason for calling the imperious, domineering Stanton from his present obscurity merely to gratify a partisan feeling. Let him continue to enjoy his *obitum*.

The royal personages who recently visited Paris were exceedingly annoyed by begging-letter. The quantity sent to the Emperor of Austria, exceeds, it appears all those addressed to other royal and imperial personages. They are so numerous that, notwithstanding his Majesty has brought with him a large staff of secretaries, and they have engaged assistants, it has not been possible to open all, and more are arriving every day. Of course, to comply with the modest requests contained in these epistles is out of the question.

New York has fairly out-Bostoned Boston in the Dickens excitement. The sale of tickets for the Dickens readings commenced at Steinway Hall at nine o'clock Friday morning, the 29th ult., and long before the hour a dense throng besieged the doors, crowded the sidewalks, filled up Fourteenth street, and flowed over into Irving Place. At nine o'clock the doors were opened, and the grand rush commenced. By ten o'clock the crowd had not diminished in the least, although hundreds had purchased tickets. A squad of policemen was found necessary to preserve order, and long lines of men were formed, which stretched down Fourteenth street to the Academy of Music, and up Irving Place to Irving Hall. A long line of carriages filled with fashionably-dressed ladies was stationed in front of Steinway Hall, their occupants patiently waiting for their footmen to purchase tickets. The crowd was composed of all sorts of people, young, old, white-headed, dapper-dressed, German, French, English, and American. Some had taken their lunch-baskets with them, others were propped up against the iron fence of a brown-stone front at least a quarter of a mile from Steinway Hall, quietly puffing their cigars, and one man (poor fellow!) was seen worrying his way through James Parson's puff of a famous silver-ware house in the morning *Times*.

Next after India shawls, the most fascinating article of female apparel is lace, in the form of shawls, flounces, trimmings, handkerchiefs, and parasol covers. The manufacturers of the world are taxed to their utmost to

furnish American ladies with delicate, beautiful, and costly fabrics. Some of these productions are truly marvelous, and exceed in beauty the poet's most extravagant dream. The handsomest and finest of lace shawls are only seen in that society where there is undoubtedly wealth, and where the ladies can afford to wear them. White lace is used for bridal occasions, receptions, etc.; they are never to be seen on the street. Every lady of wealth considers her toilet incomplete without a black thread lace shawl for out-of-door wear. As these are not so costly as the white lace shawls, and as they are more serviceable, they are often bought and worn.

The London Tailors' Emigration Society lately sent several delegates to this country to collect funds for the striking journeymen in London, and yesterday these delegates called on the President, who made a humorous professional speech in which he explained the enigmatical expression that nine tailors are essential to make a man, by telling the manner of its origin: how a knight of the shears became embarrassed and was relieved by the aid of nine of his brethren; finally he grew rich, bought a carriage, and put up as his motto, "Nine Tailors Made Me"—hence the derivation. In leaving, the President presented the delegation with fifty dollars.

Garibaldi has been allowed to return to his island home of Caprera. After the disappointment of his fondest hopes, his life of inaction there must be almost undurable to him.

Weston has arrived in Chicago ahead of time, and is now in that city. He intends to give lectures about his journey. In the hundred-mile feat he failed, and so loses six-tenths of the wager.

THEATRICAL FEUILLETON.

FASHION must follow the way of the flesh, as everything else in this world does. Fashion is by no means an autocratic deity, as scribblers commonly term her. She deals with different materials in Turkey to those she employs in France, and uses a different needle in Hindoo-land to that which she stitches with in either. Here are her necessities. Her necessities equally interest her in all countries and in everything,

These moral or quasi-moral reflections are forced upon us at the present moment with regard to things theatrical.

Sensation is the mistress of the drama. What is sensational is fashionable, and therefore successful, or successful and therefore fashionable. Offenbach, with his comic sensation, reigns supreme in opera, and therefore the French Theatre is nightly crowded, and eager throngs are imploring the kind-hearted ticket-seller for the pieces of pasteboard which entitle them to their nightly seats. At Niblo's the purely physical sensation of the ballet has held sway for more than one year, and now in the most fashionable theatre in Broadway—Wallack's—we find a return to that sensational which it has occasionally tried before. We regret to say that this time it is in an aggravated form.

The management of this theatre have produced a drama by the trashily popular and prolific pen of Mr. Watts Phillips.

It is called "Maud's Peril." The very name is symptomatic. It smacks of the very worst phase of the modern romance, the romance which was in a milder form inaugurated by Dumas, and reached its apogee in Reynolds.

It is purely sensational.

We cannot deny that Mr. Watts Phillips possesses a large amount of merely sartorial skill. He cuts out a dramatic situation as the snip of broadcloth trims out with the edges of his shears a pair of trowsers. That dramatic situation is adapted here to the villain and the first young man, and there to the heroine and her titled but unprincipled lover. It fits each of them as the pantaloons do the two legs of the individuals whom the accomplished snip measured for them. It is true that as in some cases the cloth used by the snip is not of equal quality to the cutting, the language in which Mr. Phillips writes by no means equals the tact displayed by his dramatic scissors. We could sit down and read Shakespeare or even Sheridan with a sense of delight. Who, save one compulsorily deprived of all other literary pabulum, would sit down to spend an intellectual hour with Watts Phillips, were he actually upon the verge of mental starvation? In "Maud's Peril" he gives us that very well washed-out young lady from the literary mangles of every modern novelist and playwright, who fancies her lover has been killed, and therefore makes a point—or has it made for her—of marrying somebody else. Why on earth could she not have become an old maid? We have in addition to her the equally well-spoiled, rubbed and rinsed-out young gentleman, who, being in love with her, was sufficient of an idiot to get his name inserted in the list of killed in a bloody battle where he wasn't killed at all, and which he possibly never joined in. Moreover, Mr. Watts Phillips gives us the regulation villain—sometimes an escaped convict and sometimes an unconvicted burglar—who will consent to any crime for which he has the chance of getting well paid. He places upon his dramatic canvas the conventional old ruffian gentleman who is not particular upon the score of morality whenever he has any special purpose to accomplish. He bags the somnambulistic idea from "Macbeth," the unexpected return of the lover from any number of sensational novels, a plot to murder the returned lover framed by the present husband and bar gained for with the regulation villain, the miscarriage of previously-mentioned plot by regulation villain killing present husband instead, probable hanging of young lover, turning up once more of regulation villain and murdered husband just in time to save young lover's neck from the gallows, with the final *folo de se* by poison of the husband, which, happily and uncommonly naturally, leaves young lady, once a wife and now a widow, free, to go into a convent if she happens to be a Catholic, or, if her creed forbids her that consolation to marry young lover when a decent time has elapsed after recovering from her fainting-fit. These ideas, by no means his own, but anybody's or everybody's who chooses to fetch them from the five thousand, more or less, sensational novels and romances in which they have been employed, Mr. Phillips stews together, not without a certain amount of culinary cleverness, although with no great skill in literary seasoning. Baptized "Maud's Peril," it was produced in London with some success, and consequently travels to New York. Being sensational, and nothing but sensational, it is produced at Wallack's with an admirable cast and unexceptionable scenery. As much justice is done to it as if it were a drama by a new Massinger or a comedy by a modern Congreve. The public have gradually grown into a contempt for the plays of the old writers, and are in the habit of letting them severely alone. Who will blame Mr. Wallack for smirching the skirts of his theatrical reputation with the taste of the hour? Managers as well as editors must live. We have ceased to write editorially as elegantly as they did in the days of Addison. To republish a *Speculator*, now, for daily circulation, would be an absurdity. But we implore Mr. Wallack and the London managers to do as we and other newspapers do. Let them give us, as homeopathically as they like, a little reality. Men of large fortune to not bribe returned convicts to commit murder. In the present day we can settle matters more effectively, as well as with less fear of the gallows by murdering character.

Of the acting we have little to say, save it be in praise. Miss Rose Eytting was possibly too demonstrative for the classic boards she was treading. In any other theatre

we might have found no fault with her. Mr. James Wallack acted the character of Toby Tapley with a discretion and reserve that prove him to be, as we have always held him, the greatest and most dramatic actor in his own specific line upon this or the English stage. We might speak warmly indeed of the whole remainder of the cast, were it not that we see no advantage in merely cataloguing names with which the public is acquainted as thoroughly as we are ourselves.

ART COSSIP.

For the benefit of visitors from distant parts, who may now be sojourning in the city, and to whom the Academy of Design may be one of the "lions" thereof, let us here say a few words. The winter exhibition now on view in the galleries of the Academy is in no wise to be taken as a representative of New York in art. It is the first regular winter exhibition opened by the institution. The idea was generally considered to be a good one, and so much was said about the matter in advance, that the section of the public by whom art is supported and encouraged had a right to expect an exhibition which would be creditable to the artists contributing to it and a source of pleasure to the social circles that are widening so greatly in the appreciation and culture of art. No such kind of an exhibition, however, is the one now upon the Academy walls. Of the older painters but few, comparatively, are represented there, at all, while such of them as have pictures on view are far below their admitted standard. Evidently there is something weak in the management of the Academy of Design. That it has an attack of the *vestigia retrorsum* is the inference naturally to be drawn from the mediocrity of its winter exhibition. It is stated that works of merit, executed by artists as yet struggling for professional repute, have been rejected on the present occasion by the committee. If this be true, so much the worse for the Academy. Under the rule of a clique no institution can possibly expand and become a recognized influence. Let the management of the Academy consider whether their footsteps are onward or the reverse. Every succeeding exhibition should be an improvement upon the previous ones, and with the institution referred to this has not always been the case.

Fagnani has lately painted a strong portrait of General Sheridan, which is now to be seen at Schaus's. The flesh tints are rather too florid, perhaps, but the expression has been well caught and rendered.

We have seen in the studio of a young artist named Martinez, who has been studying art in France for some time past, and has lately taken up his residence in this city, a picture possessing considerable merit. The subject is of a class to which some persons object; but these persons, in many instances, may fairly be reckoned with the "prudent prudes" of Mr. Charles Read. His *Macbeth* is the inference naturally to be drawn from the mediocrity of its winter exhibition. It is stated that works of merit, executed by artists as yet struggling for professional repute, have been rejected on the present occasion by the committee. If this be true, so much the worse for the Academy. Under the rule of a clique no institution can possibly expand and become a recognized influence. Let the management of the Academy consider whether their footsteps are onward or the reverse. Every succeeding exhibition should be an improvement upon the previous ones, and with the institution referred to this has not always been the case.

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His "Pickwick Papers" covered him with fame at once, and since its appearance Dickens's works have found a place in every library. In 1842 he came to the United States, and was treated with the greatest hospitality everywhere.

Fêtes, soirs and invitations were showered upon him *ad agustum*, and he went home to write "Martin Chuzzlewit." He has come once more, and the people have again run mad on the subject, so far as Boston is concerned, where the interference of the police was necessary to preserve order during the selling of tickets for his readings. When he comes to New York there can be no reasonable doubt but that the inhabitants of this city will endeavor to outdo Boston. Away with such fawning, boot-licking spirit! Charles Dickens is a man like unto other men; his books are powerfully written and very interesting, but do not warrant the creation of a demigod from the simple author in a country composed of sovereigns. Granting beforehand all that can be said in favor of this Englishman, does it become "free and enlightened citizens" to act as though they believed him to be superhuman?

Dickens has made arrangements to spend enough time here to give eighty readings only, and he will read each time for the modest sum of *one thousand dollars in gold*. With the addition of \$80,000, then, he will doubtless return to England, to tell the world of the habits of this barbarian country; of the beautiful simplicity of our institutions, which in New York give him the pleasure of being dined and wined by a set of Irishmen that in Britain would have remained porters and day-laborers to the end of time, of the circles of society where "shoddy" reigns supreme and the English of Webster is served up in as mangled a condition as is consistent with the retention of any similarity to the written language of our nation, and where ideas that are above trade or shop are as uncurrent as cowries in Wall street. Not that the slightest incivility to the greatest living author is intended to be countenanced or countenanced, but moderate your transports, gentlemen, taking especial care that your linen become not incrusted in your efforts to do the honors to this great man, and pray do remember that we are all men and brethren.

SCIENCE, LITERATURE & STATISTICS.

The public is becoming alive to the necessity of restocking our rivers with food-fishes. By experiments made in the Connecticut River, under the direction of Seth Green, it has been proven that shad may be hatched in forty hours; and this gentlewoman hatched by artificial means, and placed in the river at Holyoke, last season, about fifty millions young shad, accomplishing the whole work within three weeks and at a trifling expense. The whole country may, therefore, by artificial propagation and railroad facilities, soon enjoy the luxury of fresh shad, and at a moderate price.

THE magneto-electric light has been used for making photographs, but as yet only in an experimental way. There are, however, reasons for believing that the light will be so economically produced that it will come into extensive use.

THE Royal Library of Munich is one of the most valuable in the world, and second in size only to the Imperial Library at Paris. The magnificent collection of books and manuscripts, numbering upward of 800,000, are arranged in seventy-six cabinets.

THE thread of the *Nephila Plumipes*, an American spider, will sustain a weight of 54 grains. A bar of this silk one inch in diameter would sustain a weight of 70 tons. Therefore its strength is equal to that of the very best steel. It is proposed to use the thread of the *Plumipes* as a substitute for silk.

THE first application with practical success of the force of electricity furnished by volta induction to military purposes was made by Colonel Verdù, a Spaniard, in 1853. He succeeded, with only one element of Bunson's battery, in exploding six miles in one circuit at the same instant at a distance of 300 metres.

AN explosive substance, whose effects are somewhat like those of gunpowder, has been discovered in France by M. Poole. It is prepared by the action of chloride and of nitrate of potash on ordinary glue or isinglass.

Mr. J. WELLS REED read a paper at a late meeting of the Lyceum of Natural History of this city on the comparative magnitude of various terrestrial phenomena. He exhibited a large chart of the globe drawn on scale, so as to indicate by comparison the heights of the loftiest mountains and the relative magnitude of surface phenomena. He was led to construct the chart from a study of the drift deposits, which are surface in their character, and extend from points as far north as explorations have reached, down to within fifty degrees of the equator, and which are to be found in the same latitudes south of the equator. The period when these drift deposits were made is called the glacial epoch, and the secular cooling of the sun and planets was necessary before such a degree of cold could be reached as the theories of geologists demanded, in order to account for the icebergs and glaciers necessary to transport the drift, or grooves and scratches the rocks. The speaker accepted the view of Adhémar, that continents have not been depressed, but overflowed by the ocean. Owing to the precession of the equinoxes the mass of water is transferred from one hemisphere to the other once in 10,000 years, and the sun remains eight days longer in one hemisphere than in the other. At the present time the winters of the southern pole are eight days longer than with us; the ice continent has consequently formed there and the mass of the ocean is to be found in the southern hemisphere, and the ice covers a space upon and around the south pole more than twice the area of all Europe. The extreme of cold at the Antarctic pole was reached in 1848, since which time the climate has been becoming milder, while ours north of the equator has been growing colder, and in the course of 10,000 years we shall be in the same frigid condition that obtains at the Antarctic, or as obtained with us 10,000 years ago.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THIS eminent author, born at Landsport, Portsmouth, England, in the year 1812, was educated for the law, but finding that his desire leaned in another direction, his father permitted him to attach himself to the corps of the *True Sun*, which luminary conclusively showed the youthful Charles that his future destiny was to wield the pen for the amusement and instruction of his fellowmen, rather than to plaster the mutual wounds of aggrieved parties by the cooling application of a course of law.

While engaged upon the *Morning Chronicle*, the "Sketches of Life and Character" appeared in the evening edition of that paper, afterward being published under the title of "Sketches by Boz."

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Apropos of the second visit of Mr. Dickens to this country, the Boston Transcript reproduces the following lines addressed to him on the occasion of his first departure for America by the elder Tom Hood:</

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.



PRESENTATION OF LADIES OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S SUITE TO THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

Presentation of Ladies of the Empress Eugenie to the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The three engravings on this page representing the Emperor of Austria and his doings at Paris, are a con-

of which we gave a picture last week, the ceremony of the salute, as given by lowering the flags carried by the marching regiments, and its acknowledgment by the emperor, make a pretty scene, but it is only a ceremony due to the high position of the recipient of the honor



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH AT THE PALACE DE L'ELYSEE.

leave of the royal guest, his Austrian Majesty accompanied him to the porch, and there bade him adieu. The picture of this scene occupies the second place at the head of this page.

we gave a sketch of that band under Major Ghirelli, which encamped at Bagnore, and joined Menotti Garibaldi at Nerola, on the Rieti road, twenty miles from Rome. Thence they marched to Monte Rotondo, and



THE GRAND REVIEW AT PARIS—THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA SALUTING THE FRENCH COLORS.

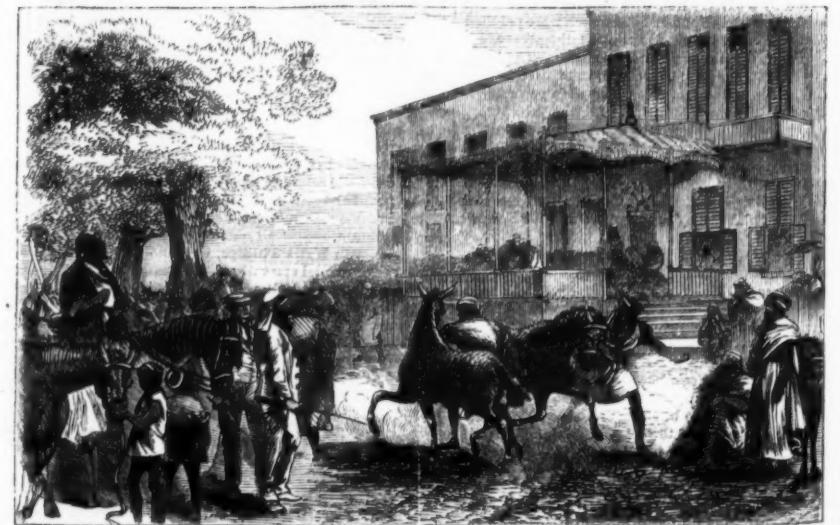


EGYPTIAN WOMEN PROMENADING AT CAIRO.



BANQUET GIVEN TO THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION BY THE FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS AT THE HOTEL DU LOUVRE.

tinuation of our illustrations of last week. One of the first ceremonies was the presentation of the noble ladies comprising the suite of the Empress Eugenie to the royal guest and his attendants at the palace. At the review,



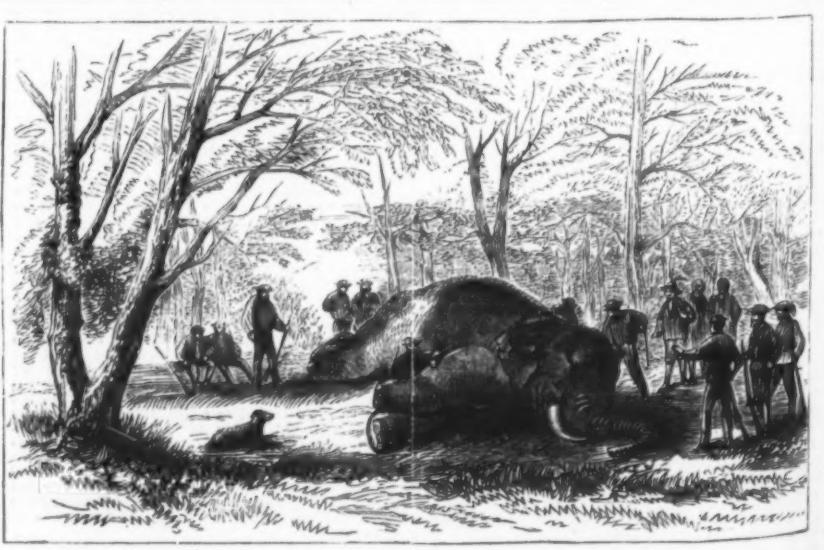
THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION TRANSPORT OFFICERS BUYING MULES OPPOSITE SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO.

BIVOUAC OF THE GARIBALDIANS AT NEROLA, IN THE ROMAN STATES.
We continue to give illustrations of the progress of the Garibaldians through the Roman States. Last week

got well whipped for their pains. Returning to Nerola, we have now to present an illustration of their bivouac near that place, with its characteristic incidents of the rough out-door life experienced by these patriotic



BIVOUAC OF THE GARIBALDIANS AT TIVOLA IN THE ROMAN STATES.



MEASURING THE ELEPHANT KILLED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE GERMANIA ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NO. 291 AND 293 BOWERY, ON THE NIGHT OF THE OPENING BALL.

youths in their unlucky campaign. The rude huts of boughs and leaves hastily erected, the heads of slaughtered oxen thrown on the ground, and the simple cookery in boilers slung upon horizontal poles above blazing logs of wood, all remind us of the civil war in our own country, happily over, and are quite in harmony with the spirit of the scene. It is to be hoped that this will be the last irregular martial expedition to disturb the peace of Italy.

Banquet Given to the Imperial Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition by the Foreign Commissioners at the Hotel du Louvre.

At the close of the Paris Exhibition a pleasant occurrence was the tendering of a banquet to the Imperial Commissioners of the Exhibition by all the foreign Commissioners present in Paris. On this occasion, which was the more delightful because entirely unexpected, the feast of oysters did not preclude the feast of reason, nor did the flow of drinkables entirely monopolize the time to the exclusion of the flow of soul. The Imperial Commissioners had played the part of host entirely to the satisfaction of every one concerned, so that the momentary turning of the tables, the change from guest to the host, was the more enjoyed by the foreigners. This grand entertainment was given at the Hotel du Louvre, the grandest hotel in Paris, and reflected honor on the caterer as well as on the donors thereof. Here were many friendships cemented between those that the Exhibition had brought together that will last for life, as the grand assembling of the nations at Paris in this year will have forced them mutually to respect and honor each other more. In fact, it may be said that it was the only success of the French Emperor since he meddled in Mexican politics.

Egyptian Women Walking in Cairo, Egypt.

In the hot climate of Egypt the groves of sycamores, palm trees, etc., in the graveyards, are a favorite promenade for the women. It is a mistake to suppose that all the women of the East wear veils, when out of the Harem, for the middle and lower classes often go without them. The presence of the great, fat and consequential major-domo is absolutely necessary, and he carries a long bamboo staff to keep impudent strumpets from the bevy of damsels under his charge.

The Abyssinian Expedition—Buying Mules Opposite Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.

To supply the British army on duty in Abyssinia, some 1,800 mules have been bought in Cairo and elsewhere. Our sketch shows the scene in front of Shepheard's Hotel, where the Esbekieh, or square, is used as a mule market. The mules and pack-horses procured here as fast as they can be collected in tolerable numbers are sent by railway to Suez, whence they are shipped off to Massowah, on the Red Sea, whence the expedition is to invade the dominions of Theodore. The mules will carry the well-horing apparatus, which is an American invention. It consists of a series of iron

tubes resembling ordinary gas pipes, the first pipe which enters the ground being steel-pointed. Each tube is driven into the ground, and on water being reached, a common suction-pump is attached, and an unlimited supply of water may be obtained in two or three hours.

Measuring the Elephant Killed by the Duke of Edinburg.

An illustration representing Prince Alfred shooting an elephant was engraved in our last paper. The elephant which fell a victim to the skill of his royal highness with the rifle on that occasion was afterward measured, which scene we this week picture, sorry not to be able to give the dimensions of the beast. Acadians state that it was the largest killed in that neighborhood for a year, and it had remarkably handsome tusks, neither of which were broken by its fall and death-struggle, as is too often the case. We shall probably continue to give pictures of all the important events which befall this royal visitor during his visit around the world to the dominions of his mother, on which the sun, it is said, never sets.

The Germania Assembly Rooms, New York.

It is a surprising though at the same time characteristic fact, that while our German fellow-citizens become used to the habits and customs of our country quicker than either the French or the Italians, and are sooner converted into Americans, they still keep and cultivate with a kind of sacred veneration their modes of enjoying themselves, their ideas about pleasures, and their irresistible impulses for social entertainments. It has been more than once remarked by cis-Atlantic authors, that the manner in which the Germans enjoy themselves quietly in a most innocent and harmless way, should serve as an example to the adopted citizens of Irish birth, whose social gatherings to often end in drunken brawls. The Germans have introduced in New York the gay festivities of the carnival, and the Americans have eagerly followed the wands of King Momus and Prince Carnival. In the magnificent entertainments given by the Arion and Lieder kranz societies, we have seen specimens of what these Germans can do. But sometimes they prefer to remain among themselves, to remain en famille, and then they do not go to the Academy of Music, but remain in their cozy places on the east side of the city. One who has not wandered some winter night from street to street, and from ball-room to ball-room, east of Broadway, can have no idea of the difference between the life there and that on the west side of the city. Hundreds of societies, with the queerest cognomina, give balls and socials and dancing parties in order to enjoy themselves after the weary labor of the day. There is, however, as in all well-regulated communities, a central point for this life of merriment and joy, as well as of rest and cultivation of music and singing. Their central point is the Germania Assembly Rooms of Messrs. John Koch & Brothers, whose ball-room is pictured on page 197 as

METEORIC SHOWER AS SEEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE 14TH NOVEMBER, OFF SANDY HOOK.
SEE PAGE 198.

appeared on the opening night of the season. The great success of the proprietors in this as in their previous venture—the Terrace Gardens—has induced them to purchase lots adjoining their present property for the purpose of extending their ball-room to the size necessary to give the largest masquerade balls, such as have heretofore been given at the Academy of Music. At present the Germania Assembly Rooms is the headquarters for the following societies and associations: The Arion Singing Society, New York Singing Academy, New York Citizens' Rifle Association, Allegemeine Saengerbund, New York Musical Protective Union, and Philharmonic Society, not to speak of the numerous Debating Clubs and Temperance Societies. The heterogeneous mass of Germans, having so many different interests at heart, meet under one roof without clashing, is but another example of the quiet, peaceable disposition of the German element of our population, and the fact redounds to their credit.

METEORIC SHOWER,
As Seen on the Night of the 14th of November,
at Sandy Hook.

THOSE who were unfortunate enough to sit up all night a year ago to see the meteoric shower and did not see it, and therefore denounced the prophecy as a swindle, very generally went to bed at the proper hour on the night of the 14th of November, quite positive that no star shower was on the programme. Well, we and they now know that they were most egregiously mistaken, and that the star shower really came off this year, with no postponement on account of the weather. By the date of this writing, the various telegraphic reports have doubtless been collected and collated with *professorial* ideas of a theory and, of course, a book, to be founded thereupon, which we may expect to see as soon as a publisher for it can be found. We propose simply to give an illustration of the grand spectacle of the evening aforesaid, as seen from Sandy Hook, toward morning, when the spectator was perfectly dazzled by a brilliant display of falling stars. These luminous bodies became visible in the constellation of Leo, taking a north-easterly direction in their descent, being apparently of the magnitude of Venus, and two of them in particular half as large as the moon. In color as well as in size and appearance, these beautiful wanderers were different, some being of purple, some yellow, and one was a beautiful pale green, so lovely, that a lady who was viewing the shower with the writer, declares that she shall have a dream of that identical color if one can be found. These colors are incident to the chemical constitution of the meteors, and entirely dependent thereon; but as we cannot enter into their chemical origin any more than their final destination, it must suffice to say that the chemical elements of which meteoric masses are composed are very similar to those found distributed throughout the earth's crust. By way of contrast to the dry scientific manner in which the professors report these star showers, vide the daily newspapers, the following description from a Beyrouth Arabic journal will be of interest:

"In this past night the stars began the war from the east to the west, and from the southern to the northern side. They dashed at the place of fiery steeds and ghouls, so that you could not distinguish the Pleiades from the Hyades from the passing of the meteors across them and the intensity of the brightness. But you now thought that the two stars in Leo's nose had been dispersed, and the two fishes were eclipsed and immersed, and the spearman of Arcturus had forgotten his spear and was thinking only of his own safety, and the Adhali was complaining to the bright daughters of Ursa Major about the extent of his wound, and the lofty pole had fallen into the claws of the eagle, and the Heorah was prostrate, and the face of the night like a leopard's skin; and to sum up all, the heavens were like a sphere of fire or a gleam of sparks, excepting that the fire and sparks were harmless, not touching the earth, or injuring our safety, as it night's daring horsemen, who continued till morning beating each other in single combat, gave us protection and peace. This I write for his Excellency, the Sultan Abdul Aziz Khan. May God perpetuate the seat of his government to the end of the world's revolution!"

AFTER THE SUMMER.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

Over the foot of the bed go parading,
In innocent pomp, summer dresses, invading
The white Marseilles quilt, and reinforced, bolder
Storming the Alps standing shoulder to shoulder
In ruffled magnificence, soft and white,
For the tired little head that is coming to night;
Out of the closets and off from the shelves,
From drawer and wardrobe, they flock like elves,
On the backs of their chairs, on the bath-room door,
They perch and flutter and strew the floor.

Slippers, and sashes, and scarfs and bows—
Here is one tied up with a half-blown rose;
Somebody picked it, she knows well enough who,
That night on the balcony, kissing it, too :
The hardihood of it! Guess mamma's surprise
If she had but known it, right under her eyes;
Pretty sharp eyes, too, and others as keen,
Making safety committees, but this was not seen,
Take care, miss, take care, here's a faded bouquet:
Isn't that twisted holder a note, now, pray?

Folding and folding, with tidy precision,
The hands deftly work, but a pleasanter vision
From the pretty disorder exhales and issues,
Than a practical viewing of muslins and tissues;
Dreams fill the brown eyes that are coming and
going
In orderly aid of the sorting and stowing,
Eyes saucy and piquant enough sometime—
Soft with love's languor or floating to rhyme!
Happy young maiden! what matter to you,
If the summer be over—other summers are due.

Mistress and Maid.

CHAPTER I.

"NAT, the ways of the world's people are not my ways, Joyce Palmer, and thee can never tempt me with thy pretty speeches, nor fright me with thy frowns."

And Joyce had cried out, in bitter anger: "I like mistress, like maid! Because Pearl Chandos is proud, Rachel Hare must be airish. I bid you a good-day, madam, and I give you an

honest man's advice: 'tis to walk daintily, for the snares may not all be of your own setting. Like enough you'll be trapped as well as I. Of this be sure, you'll never be Mrs. Overton." After this harsh speech, Master Joyce stepped from the porch. "But remember, my lass, whose life you've broken and lost with your unwomanly flirting. It's all bright enough now, but the night is blackest after a sunny day, and maybe your own heart may be heavy enough yet!"

Flinging the words at her, and with cheeks aglow and frowning brow, Joyce Palmer strode away. Rachel Hare, letting fall the bit of lace which her deft fingers had been fashioning into some adornment, stood watching him with wistful eyes.

"He'll turn before he reaches the bend o' the path," she whispered.

But the bend was reached and the bend was passed, yet Joyce Palmer marched on with as determined an air as though life had for him no object putting miles and years between himself and the quiet Quakeress.

"It's all come and go in this woeful world," sobbed the girl, when the woodland path lay clear before her and the cruel oaks hid her lover. "It's all come and go—love and leave! The Lord forgive thee, Joyce Palmer, as I do!"

One little outburst, and then Rachel wiped her eyes and bit her quivering lips into submission.

"I'll never shed a tear for him! Hard and unkind, I'll waste no thought upon him!"

And taking, as women are apt to do, great strength from this mighty resolution, the girl, all flushed and fevered, ran around the terrace to the bit of garden where bloomed the royal red roses which Pearl Chandos loved—a bit of garden cut off from the larger one, and coming upon that side quite to the low windows of the old house.

"Ah, the Merl has a fair mistress, and like enough t'will soon have a master, too," she sighed. "There'll be rare doings and brave doings; but thou, poor Rachel Hare, who'll give a thought to thee?"

"I will!" and Rachel, with an affrighted start, stood blushing and trembling before as handsome a gentleman as ever one saw. There was a glow in his dark cheek and a light in his black eyes as they fastened themselves upon the little Quakeress. "I will, pretty Rachel; I will give you ten thousand thoughts, and all for one little kiss."

"Pray let me pass, Mr. Overton. Thee knows that my mistress is waiting," was the sole answer she vouchsafed.

"And the kiss, my angel?"

"Shame upon thee now, Arthur Overton! Is this thy true love for my mistress?" she cried, whilst the flush spread over cheek and brow. "Thou, sighing and dying for her, and now—now—Let me pass, sir!"

A wonderful majesty seemed to enwrap the little gray-robed figure—the majesty of innocence—for Arthur Overton waxed none the greater in his own mind as he made way for Rachel. And she, with a quick step, gained the porch, and, peeping through the vines, saw him standing just where she had left him, and wearing such a look of blank amazement, that she well-nigh laughed outright.

"Good Land!" she panted. "What would that traitor, Joyce Palmer say to that? And my mistress? And what does Rachel Hare herself say to it? Why, that thou art a wicked man, Arthur Overton, and that Pearl Chandos might wipe her shoes on better than thee. Well, well! Two such surprises in a day! A parting and a wooing! Surely no girl can tell of more than that!"

Then Rachel, gathering up her roses, went to her mistress's chamber, which was, in fact, none other than the great chamber in the east wing, whose windows overlooked the Hudson. Have I told you that the Merl was an old-fashioned, rambling place, built in the colonial times by a Chandos—Sir John, I think—who, growing weary of the New Country, went back to the Old, leaving his possessions to a younger brother? Well, of the descendants of this family there remained but Pearl, and she it was who sat in the oriel window when Rachel entered. Ah, pearl of womankind! The noble soul that looked out from the dark, gray eyes, and touched every feature, and curved the prettily proud lips.

"What kept you, child?"

"Nothing," stammered the girl, bending busily over the flowers.

But the mistress, taking her hand, drew her to the window.

"I saw Mr. Overton speaking to you. About what?"

The gray eyes were so keenly reading her face that Rachel, sorely troubled, could only hang her head and tremble.

"Mr. Overton?"

"What did he say? Don't tell me a falsehood, Rachel Hare!"

She had touched the right chord.

"Nay," answered the Quakeress, "I'll tell thee true. Thou knowest I do not lie. He said—he was—"

"Making love to you?" suggested Miss Chandos, with a just tinge of quiet scorn.

"Making a jest of me!" was the indignant disclaimer. Then, through the angry tears, "Madam, it was not fault of mine."

Evidently her mistress thought as much, for, without one word of reproach for this humble rival, she walked away to the window, and stood nipping the vine leaves which clambered about and above it. Then, back to Rachel:

"It's no fault of yours, my girl. I know that."

Something in the kindly voice went home to Rachel's heart. The pent-up sorrow found voice:

"Oh!" she sobbed, "I'm wretched—I'm miserable—I'm utterly unworthy! There's thee—and there's me—[she actually said it]—and there's poor Joyce!"

"Joyce Palmer?"

"Y—e—s," was the hysterical answer; "Joyce Palmer."

And so, after innumerable breakings off, was

told the story of Joyce's jealousy and upbraiding, and all because Mr. Overton would waylay her. She had never dared tell her lady, but it was so.

"Why did you fancy that this would vex me, Rachel?"

"I fancied so. Thou wilt be his wife," she answered, simply.

Miss Chandos smiled.

"I will never marry Arthur Overton—be sure of that, my girl. I love another, little one."

She said this softly and reverent as though the thought of the man she loved was sacred.

"And thou art not promised to this Arthur Overton?" asked downright Rachel.

"No."

"Then marry the one you love, madam," advised this Mephistopheles.

"But he is poor."

"And thou art rich."

"And he is proud."

"Good luck! There'll be cloudy days, maybe, for thou art not humble."

"And—and—he has gone away forever and forever!" and to little Rachel's infinite surprise the great tears were rolling down her mistress's cheeks. Ah, the words of comfort and the sisterly kindness of this tender heart! And the grave advice!

"If the fault is thine," she reasoned, "it stands with thee to mend it. Be warned by me, madam."

"I was hasty, and Joyce is gone. All for the lack of a kind word! And now, should Joyce never come back, I'd know no joy on earth."

And the end of the matter was, that next morning the postbag from the Merl carried away a letter, and the superscription was to "Mr. Francis Marshland, Berne, Switzerland."

CHAPTER II.

BUT the summer days wore on, and the royal red roses faded, whilst into their dark green leaves crept a golden tinge; still no answer came to the letter to Switzerland, no word came from Joyce Palmer. Then the snow lay deep on withered leaves and royal roses, lay deep and broad, a barrier between the world and the wretchedness which the old house shut in—for the two women, waiting and watching, grew pale with fear and doubt.

A bitter day and a bitter, wild night, and Pearl, as was her wont now, sat in her chamber, alone. The Merl was quite deserted. Even Mr. Arthur Overton, seeing that his suit was hopeless, had left them at last.

"Mistress, there is a poor creature below, a dying woman, I believe, and she wants you," said Rachel, a world of pity in her low voice.

"A dying woman?" and Pearl, springing up, shook off old memories. "Come to her, Rachel."

The little Quakeress had not erred. Surely this woman, white and shivering, with a wan, pinched face, made yet more ghastly by the thick curls of yellow hair which framed it, was nearer death than life. She sat over the blazing fire, crooning a low, broken rhyme, and turning her head as Pearl came toward her, what needs she do but give a little cry and sit with outstretched hands and pleading eyes, whilst her quivering lips came a moan of—

"Pearl, Pearl, don't cast me off!"

Who was this woman? She had been Clara Fairleigh, rich John Fairleigh's only child, but there had been a scandal and an elopement, and Clara's name had been stricken from the memory of her proud, old father, as he had stricken it from the family record—and now, in reality, the poor wan creature sitting there was as dead to all her world as though six feet of earth lay over her. But then Pearl's mother had been a Fairleigh and this was a cousin, and although many years had passed since they had met, yet Pearl still loved this weak child. So now, taking the little numb hands in hers, and kissing the teary face, she soothed and hushed the misery which wrung her heart.

"Don't cast us off, Pearl—baby and me."

Then for the first time Miss Chandos saw the poor little waif.

"Hush. Your home is here now. Fear nothing!"

The shame she felt must have shown itself even through her kindly manner, or the wretched wanderer divined it, for, holding out the little one, she said:

"Pearl, I can say, 'this is my son,' without a blush."

Without a blush, for now her cousin learned that there had been a marriage, and then a fruitless attempt at home reconciliation. This had all happened in Europe, where, in fact, she had first met "Francis." Of course she was very happy, but one wretched day "Francis" deserted her, leaving her just means enough to return to America, coupled with the assurance that although she was not legally his wife, still he would never forget the mother and child.

"And so I have come to you, Pearl. In all the world I have no other friend now," she moaned.

"You have not told me his name. Francis!"

A hand seemed pressing her throat. "Who is he?"

"Francis Marshland."

Had Pearl Chandos been like her cousin she would have fainted outright at this announcement. As it was, she only arose quickly, and busying herself with something beyond, came back presently as calm and quiet as before. Barely a moment of time—yet in that moment a hard battle had been fought, a dear victory won.

"He shall return to you—your husband."

The hand was not at her throat now, but grasping her heart as she made the promise.

"MISTRESS," said Rachel, confidingly, when they were alone that night, "the dear knows that thee and me were sad enough, but here's a sadder still. It will strengthen thy kind heart to give her strength, and there's the child—"

"Silence!" cried her mistress, passionately. Then humbly, "Forgive me, Rachel."

"Nay," answered gentle Rachel, "there is no need of that."

"But there is sore need of forgiveness from heaven. Girl, girl, who is the woman we have just left?"

"Who? Why, thy cousin Clara, madam," was the wondering answer.

"Not so. It is Francis Marshland's wife!"

Rachel Hare understood all now.

"The Lord be merciful to thee, my mistress!" she said, softly. "The cross is heavy. The cruel sea parts me and Joyce, but no woman bears his name."

Before a month had passed Clara's child lay in the Chandos' vault, and the unhappy mother prayed for death as well; yet before a year had passed, Clara, pretty and smiling, startled the stillness of the old place with her songs. Here was a summer's day nature! Miss Chandos would smile gravely, and Rachel Hare's black eyes would grow big with wonder as the young, fresh voice would come to them trilling and echoing through the long corridors.

"Ah, Joyce—ungrateful Joyce—no one can say that thy Rachel has ever breathed a song since the last we sang together!" she would murmur.

Pearl had interceded for her cousin, but the result had been a courteous refusal from John Fairleigh to open his doors to his daughter. "She left me for a stranger," he wrote, "a man of whom I know nothing and ask to know nothing. Francis Marshland hoped to trap a fortune. He was deceived, and consequently abandoned the girl who had trusted him. Had the rascal been wealthy, still I, John Fairleigh, would have refused all communication with him, for I hate the man. As it is, I shall provide for his wife, but my doors are forever closed to her."

"Let them be closed, then!" cried Clara, angrily. "I never wish to enter them."

It was about this time that she returned one morning from her ride, all flushed and excited. Throughout the day and evening she would break in upon her own songs and laughter with sudden outbursts of tears, and to her cousin's wondering questions would give but one answer.

"Don't think hard of me, Pearl, and don't ask me, please. I'll tell you all to-morrow."

"Who?" was the puzzled inquiry.

"Why, Mr. Francis Marshland."

"Francis Marshland?"

How sharply she said the name.

"In truth, none other," affirmed Rachel bluntly.

Pearl Chandos, very pale, went down to meet him.

"Pearl, my darling!" were the first words she heard.

Utterly amazed at such a greeting, she drew back haughtily.

"Whom do you seek here?"

The tones were even, but the poor heart was well-nigh breaking with old memories.

"Whom do I seek? Why you—who should I seek but you?" he asked.

"Who but your wife?" she answered, her cheeks flushing.

"Who but my wife that will be," was the cheery assent. Then reading her look of scorn, he added sternly: "Was it to bring again that wretched time, here in this house, that you sent me this?" holding up her letter.

"I wrote that to an honorable man. I was wrong."

Then with a gesture full of determination:

"Where is my cousin Clara—your wife?"

"My wife!" he repeated absently.

"Ask me now where is your child," she continued warmly.

"I will," said Mr. Francis, promptly. "I am curious—where is he?"

"In Chandos' vault, vile man."

The vile man sighed, and then he smiled, and then he said:

"The child that lies in Chandos' vault was none of mine—the mother was not my wife. Indeed she has no thought of me, none but for her husband."

"And he?"

"Is my cousin Francis Marshland. You know nothing of him, and in truth I know scarcely more. Some old quarrel has kept our families apart. He met the Fairleighs abroad. Old John Fairleigh disliked him, but the worthy fellow found favor with Clara. There was a flight and a secret marriage, and then all the poor child's sorrow. Now, Francis Overton Marshland and his wife are a happy couple enough."

"Overton!" exclaimed Miss Chandos, a light breaking upon her.

"Overton; it was his name, and a convenient one too, for unfortunately he had debts which his wife's fortune may now help to pay. Arthur Overton was as good a name as any when he was in trouble."

"He has been here, in this house," blushed Pearl.

"I know it, he told me; and now I will go," said the artful schemer.

"You may tell me the particulars," was the permission graciously given.

But the *particulars* were so long a-telling, that the afternoon wore away, and still they were not told. That night Rachel Hare, to whom of course they were confided, said sadly enough, when she had heard the wondrous story:

"The dear Lord knows that I am joyful with thee, mistress, in my heart, only I cannot show it, for somehow all my cheerfulness seems gone across the seas with Joyce Palmer."

THERE was a bridal at the Merl, and rich Francis Marshland was the groom. You see he had not lost his time abroad. He waited for none of the thousand chances, which in novels at least, always bring fortune, but going boldly to work, was successful beyond expectation.

"I would not have it otherwise," said proud Pearl. "The man I love must not be my debtor. Let me give him naught but my own true heart."

"Yet that letter, Pearl—you still believed me poor when it was written."

"Ah, yes, but I loved you," she answered with charming consistency.

"And you are happy, darling?"

"Almost too happy," she thought in all humility.

THAT same summer (it was in August, I believe), a sunburned, swarthy sailor came up the lane, and so to the servants' hall of the Merl. He wanted Rachel Hare, he said, and Rachel when she came, could do nothing but clasp her hands and fall to weeping.

"I've come back, lass, to know if you've fixed our wedding-day yet," he said.

"Joyce! Joyce!" she sobbed. "Thee never asked me half so mannerly before."

"Nay, I was a jealous fool. Ah, my girl, there's naught like hard life among strangers to fix the heart on home. I love you, Rachel, and I come not empty-handed, so be hanged to Mr. Overton, who parted us!" he added, by way of a side-thrust; "men are guilty of these little meannesses sometimes."

Of course there was another wedding, a quiet affair, but none the less happy. Francis Marshland gave away the bride, and Pearl kissed her, and shook hands with Joyce, who ever after, when Rachel Palmer chanced to be self-willed, would say:

"Ah, there's naught like love to tame a woman. Where is there another like our mistress, lass, so kind and noble, and dutiful?"

And this assertion the little Quakeress never attempted to deny.

PLUMS FROM NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In the posthumous work of the late President Van Buren, "Inquiry into the Origin and Course of Political Parties in the United States," we find the following anecdote of Washington, which does not appear to have been published before. It is related on the authority of Alexander Hamilton:

"When the Convention to form a Constitution was sitting in Philadelphia in 1787, of which General Washington was President, he had stated evenings to receive the calls of his friends. At an interview between Hamilton, the Morrises, and others, the former remarked that Washington was reserved and aristocratic even to

his intimate friends, and allowed no one to be familiar with him. Gouverneur Morris said that was a mere fancy, and he could be as familiar with Washington as with any of his other friends. Hamilton replied, 'If you will, at the next reception evening, gently slip him on the shoulder and say, "My dear General, how happy I am to see you look so well!" a supper and wine shall be provided for you and a dozen of your friends.' The challenge was accepted. On the evening appointed a large number attended, and at an early hour Gouverneur Morris entered, bowed, shook hands, laid his left hand on Washington's shoulder, and said, 'My dear General, I am very happy to see you look so well!' Washington withdrew his hand, stepped suddenly back, fixed his eye on Morris for several minutes with an angry frown, until the latter retreated abashed, and sought refuge in the crowd. The company looked on in silence. At the supper which was provided by Hamilton, Morris said, 'I have won the bet, but paid dearly for it, and nothing could induce me to repeat it.'

SIR SAMUEL BAKER in his new book, "The Nile Tributaries and the Sword Hunters of the Ham-rav Arabs," has the following report of his interview with the sheik of Wat-el-Negur, in which the discourse turned on women:

The sheik laid down the law with great force, "that a woman was of no use when she ceased to be young, unless she was a good strong person who could grind corn and carry water from the river;" in this assertion he was seconded, and supported unanimously, by the crowd of Arabs present.

Now it was always a common practice among the Arab women, when they called upon my wife, to request her to show her hands; they would then feel her soft palms, and exclaim in astonishment, "Ah! she has never ground corn!" that being the duty of a wife unless she is rich enough to possess slaves. Sheik Achmet requested me to give him some account of our domestic arrangements in England. I did this as briefly as possible; explaining how ladies receive our devoted attentions, extolling their beauty and virtue, and, in fact, giving him an idea that England was Paradise, and that the ladies were angels. I described the variety of colors; that instead of all being dark, some were exceedingly fair; that others had red hair; that we had many bright black eyes, and some irresistible dark blue; and at the close of my descriptions, I believe the sheik and his party felt disposed to emigrate immediately to the chilly shores of Great Britain; they asked, "How far off is your country?" "Well," said the sheik, with a sigh, "that must be a very charming country; how could you possibly come away from all your beautiful wives? True, you have brought one with you: she is, of course, the youngest and most lovely; perhaps those you have left at home are the old ones!" I was obliged to explain, that we are contented with one wife, and that, even were people disposed to marry two, or more, they would be punished with imprisonment.

This announcement was received with a general expression of indignation; the sheik and his party, who a few minutes ago were disposed to emigrate and settle upon our shores, would now at the most have ventured upon a return ticket. After some murmurs of disapprobation, there was a decided expression of disbelief in my last statement. "Why?" said the sheik, "the fact is simply impossible! How can a man be contented with one wife? It is ridiculous, absurd! What is he to do when she becomes old? When she is young, if very lovely, perhaps he might be satisfied with her, but even the young must some day grow old, and the beauty must fade. The man does not fade like the woman; therefore as he remains the same for many years, but she changes in a few years, Nature has arranged that the man shall have young wives to replace the old; does not the prophet allow it? Had not our forefathers many wives? and shall we have but one? Look at yourself. Your wife is young, and"—and here the sheik indulged in compliments—"but in ten years she will not be the same as now; will you not then let her have a nice house all to herself, when she grows old, while you take a fresh young wife?"

I was obliged to explain to the sheik that, first, our ladies never looked old; secondly, they improved with age; and thirdly, that we were supposed to love our wives with greater ardor as they advanced in years. This was received with an ominous shake of the head, coupled with the exclamation, "Mashallah!" repeated by the whole party. This was the moment for a few remarks on polygamy; I continued, "You men are selfish; you expect from the women that which you will not give in return, 'constancy and love'; if your wife demanded a multiplicity of husbands, would it not be impossible to love her? how can she love you if you insist upon other wives?"

"Ah!" he replied, "our women are different to yours, they would not love anybody; look at your wife, she has traveled with you far away from her own country, and her heart is stronger than a man's; she is afraid of nothing, because you are with her; but our women prefer to be far away from their husbands, and are only happy when they have nothing whatever to do. You don't understand our women; they are ignorant creatures, and when their youth is past are good for nothing but work. You have explained your customs; your woman are adored by the men, and you are satisfied with one wife, either young or old; now I will explain our customs. I have four wives; as one has become old, I have replaced her with a young one; here they all are"—he now marked four strokes upon the sand with his stick. "This one carries water; that grinds the corn; this makes the bread; the last does not do much, as she is the youngest, and my favorite; and if they neglect their work, they get a taste of this!"—shaking a long and tolerably thick stick. "Now, that's the difference between our establishments; yours is well adapted for your country, and ours is the best plan for our own."

DR. KALISCH has published a new part of his "Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament." In his introduction he says:

"Religion must become a reality in life; it can become one only if it is *understood*; if it buds forth from our own reflection and feeling; if it is neither above nor below our nature; if it is neither founded upon mystic speculation, nor stained by the low impulses of selfishness and pride. It must, therefore, on the one hand, repudiate all unintelligible and sterile notions, like revelation, inspiration and prophecy, and renounce certain traditions, imaginary narratives, and lifeless ceremonies; but it must, on the other hand, foster the purest and highest virtues of the human heart, and must lead to an active life of devotion, love, self-control, and cheerful sacrifice; and this blissful feeling of abnegation and useful work must be regarded as the only precious reward to be coveted. The writers of the Bible not infrequently express this aim with force and beauty."

"WITH Maximilian in Mexico," by Baron Von Alvensleben, is said to be a poor book. He is, or was, an Imperialist, but evidently formed no higher opinion of the French and Belgians than of the Mexicans. He says of these "civilizers":

"The French and Belgians had not spared the crucifixes set up at cross-roads, nor the images of the Virgin occurring at intervals in niches built in walls. Wherever in former times either an altar or a crucifix was to be seen, nothing was to be met with now but a heap of ashes or a ruin. As I rode past occasional churches, I observed in almost every instance that the doors had been burst open, the interior plundered and used as a stable, the shrines devastated and overthrown, the altar broken up and converted into firewood, the bells carried away—probably to be melted down for gun-metal or cast into bullets—the walls shattered, rent and broken, while through their ragged gape the moonlight now streamed in upon the desecrated fane. Woe to the dead who lay buried within the shadow of an altar! They had been violently torn from their graves, their coffins rudely ransacked for plunder, their perishing remains despoiled of valuables the hand of affection had left untouched, their bones cast unheeded aside and scattered to the winds!"

The Farmer's Daughter.

"But she is only a farmer's daughter!" The speaker as he said these words took his cigar from his mouth and looked at his friend as if he had decided the question.

They were two young men. Both had an air of refinement. But there was a marked difference in the faces of the two. The speaker had a handsome countenance, but it was wanting in force. His companion, on the contrary, had a face that distinguished him at once as born to be "a ruler of men."

"Look here, Harry," was his reply. "You and I ought to be above that nonsense. We live in a country where one occupation, provided it be honest, is just as honorable as another. To be a farmer or a mechanic is as reputable as to be a lawyer or a banker."

"Good heavens, Jack!" was the response, "how wildly you talk! With your antecedents, too. Born in the best society, educated at one of our first universities, traveled, rich—I declare I don't know what to think of you."

The other laughed pleasantly.

"I don't believe you do, Harry. But in this matter you ought to understand me. I tell you I am going to marry Miss Beaumont, and you answer as if your argument was incontrovertible, 'She is a farmer's daughter.' Now if you had said she was vain, or a flirt, or stupid, bad-hearted, or ignorant, you would have said something to the point. Come, give me a light: I have talked so much that my cigar has gone out."

"But you don't mean to say that birth and education go for nothing? that culture doesn't become hereditary? isn't bred in the bone, muscle and brain?"

"You have never heard the story of the lion that wrote his own history, have you, Harry? Oh, I thought you hadn't! Well, our *literati* are doing the same thing. They wish to get up a notion that there's a sort of Brahmin caste here—an intellectual aristocracy, and that they—heaven preserve us!—are its high priests. Now, my lad, it's the real bone and sinew of this land, the actual workers, who will be both its brain and its aristocracy. All our great men have come from the people. And our greatest women, let me tell you, are the women of the people!"

"Lord! Jack—"

"Stop—let me finish. I don't wish to be misunderstood. Culture, I admit, is an excellent thing, though true culture does not consist merely in knowing how to be graceful, to dress well, or even to talk about art; but there are other things more useful than culture in a wife—and a great womanly heart is the first of these. Now I don't assert that because a woman is rich and, as you say, 'well born,' she cannot have such a heart; but I do assert that her riches and birth certainly do not give it to her. In fact, neither the very rich nor the very poor are as likely to have this quality as one belonging to what you, with your phraseology, would call the 'mid-life class.' To find a really healthy and perfect flower you must not look in a hothouse or a desert."

"Oh, I don't mean to say a word against Miss Beaumont, personally," said Harry, with some embarrassment. "Of course she is all you declare. I was only speaking in the abstract. Certainly she's very handsome. But for all that, Jack, she is only a farmer's daughter; and what will your sisters say to it?"

"It will make little difference to me what they say. Probably they will try to snub her. So much for a fashionable education. Had my four sisters"—and his voice then had a touch of sadness—"not been so rich, perhaps they would have been better women. There is no truer saying than that a restless egotism is the curse of wealth."

"Well, I give you up," answered his companion, knocking the ashes from his cigar; "you talk like an agrarian, like a *sans culotte*, like—like—Good heavens, Jack! you don't know how you talk."

"I talk, I hope, like a man of sense. I see around me, in our fashionable society, chiefly giddy girls or fast women; and I don't want any such material as that in a wife. I want some one on the contrary, who will know how to bring up her children in the fear of God, who will think her home her true sphere, and who will love her husband a little more at any rate than her pet ponies or her last Paris bonnet. I want a companion and a helpmate."

"And such you have found in Miss Beaumont?"

"Such I have found in Miss Beaumont. You acknowledge that she is beautiful. She is well educated too, not in the sense of having acquired more accomplishments, but in the higher sense. She is a companion, intellectually, for any man. The mere surface varnish, which you call the air of good society, she can acquire readily, for she has tact, a good heart and natural grace. If she had been born to a great fortune, and bred in a fashionable life, her naturally fine nature might have been corrupted by selfishness; as it is, being only a farmer's daughter, she is 'the noblest Roman of them all.' And you'll live to admit it, Harry."

"Oh! I'll admit it now," replied Harry, with perfect sincerity, as he rose up to go. "I don't see how it is that you and Holmes can settle these things, but you were too clever for me at college, and have been so ever since, and all I know is that I've always found you right in the long run, and so I am sure you must be right here. But bless me, Jack, what a fuss your sisters will make."

"One word, Harry, before you go," said his companion, laughing at the dismal face of his friend. "Don't fancy I marry Miss Beaumont because she is a farmer's daughter, though, as I have just said, even that has its advantages. I should have married her, if she would have had me, had she been a princess just as soon. What I marry is the woman, and I, or any other true man, ought to marry the woman he loves, and

who is worthy of his love, whether she be beggar or queen."

"Good-by, good-by. It shan't make any difference in me, old fellow."

Jack had another good laugh after his old college chum had left. Jack had wide sympathies and a broad intellect; he liked Harry for his good heart and for old associations, but he often had a laugh, as he did now, at the weaknesses of his friend.

"Poor Harry!" he said, "he'll marry some fashionable girl and sink into the life of the clubs, and never know either what he has missed. But there must be human oysters, I suppose. As for me, I aspire to something higher."

To aspire usually is to win. Jack won. He married Miss Beaumont in spite of all that his sisters said, and to the amazement, we must admit, of most of his male friends. But time vindicated his choice. His wife proved to be in every sense of the word a helpmate. She was his companion, his counselor, his best friend.

Five years have passed, and Jack is now a distinguished member of Congress, but he traces much of his success and all of his happiness to his having made a wise choice in a wife.

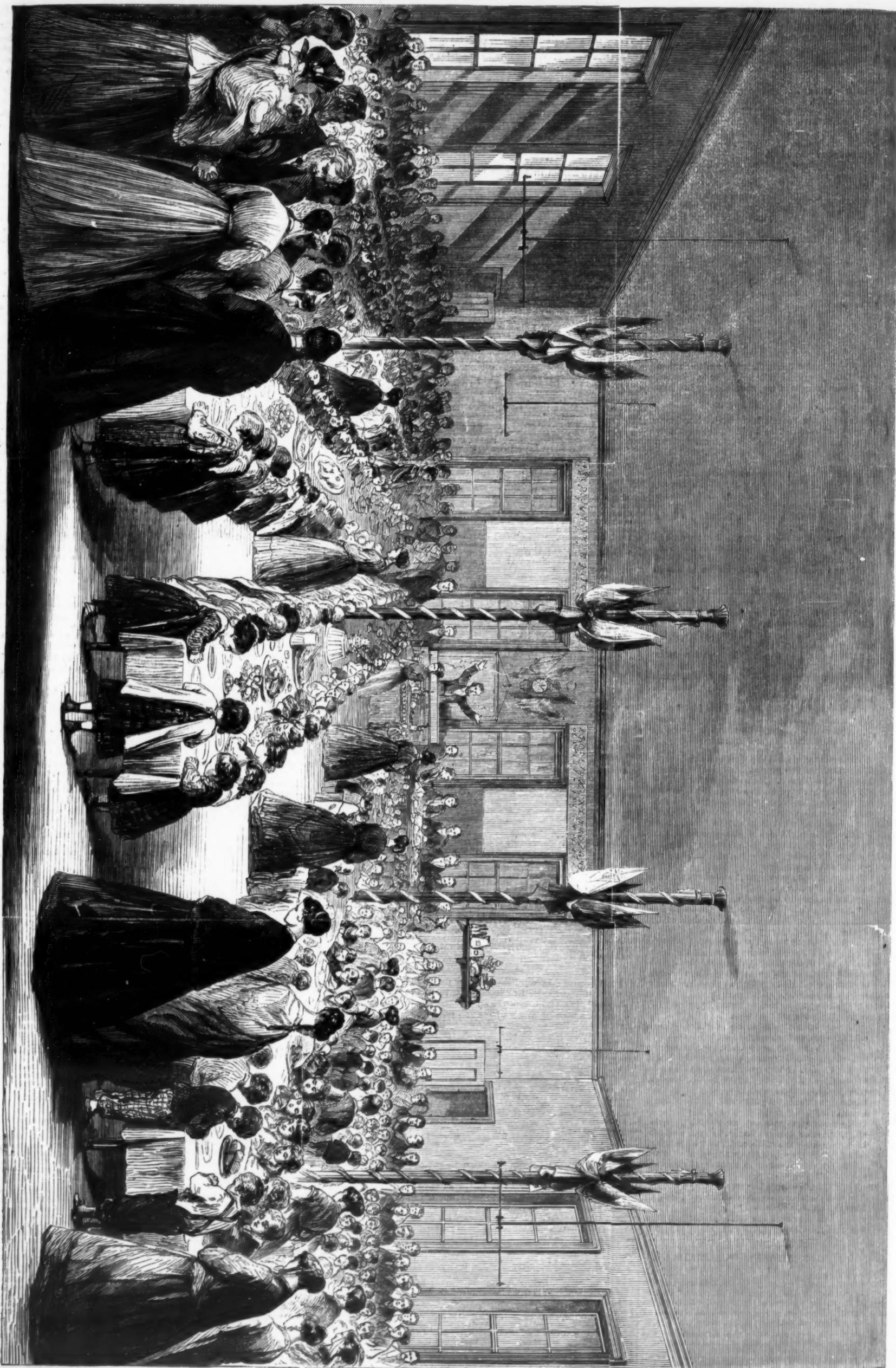
FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

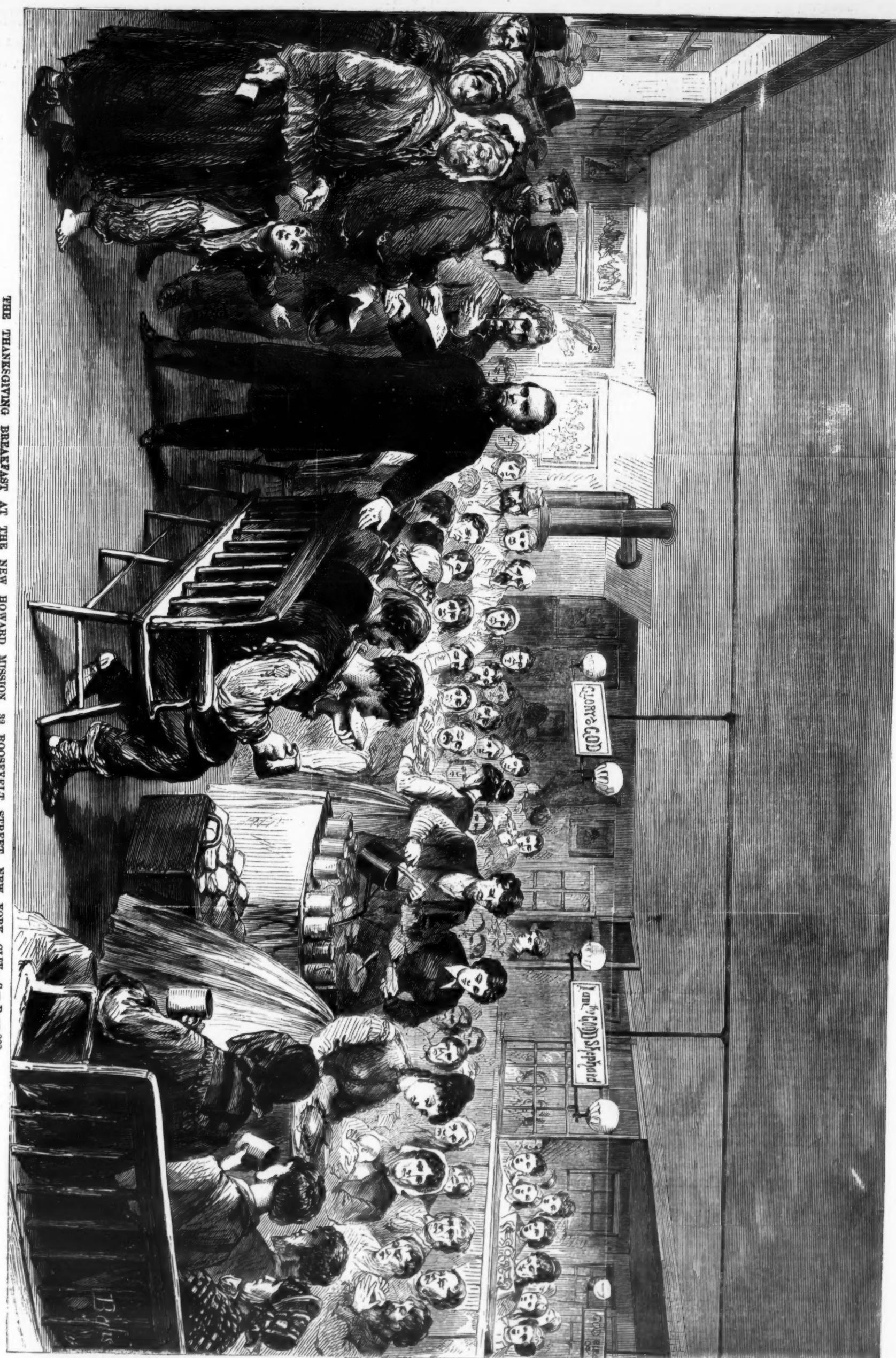
An industrious and economical darky living in Western Pennsylvania, after accumulating a house and lot, thought that his next purchase should be in the way of live stock, and so bought a sheep of the male persuasion. His favorite amusement during leisure hours was to get down on the grass and nod defiance to the animal, which would make savage plunges at the apparent enemy. But as the savage creature approached, the darky would drop his face to the ground so that the sheep, missing his mark, would tumble over and over. One day the darky called a couple of passing neighbors to see the fun, and he began his part of the little farce as usual. The sheep did not seem to see him at first, but presently raised its head from the grass on which it was grazing and frowned upon him.

"Old Buck made a rush as his wont, and Sambo suddenly dropped his face to the ground.

But as the fiends would have it, his flat nose came in contact with a small sharp snag he hadn't observed before, and he jerked back just in time to receive the full shock of the sheep's hard head between his own nose and wool.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER TO THE POOR CHILDREN OF THE FIVE POINTS, MISSION, NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 202.





THE THANKSGIVING BREAKFAST AT THE NEW HOWARD MISSION, 32 ROOSEVELT STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 202.

Thanksgiving Day at the New Howard Mission.

The Thanksgiving feast of savory turkeys, roasted pigs, and mince pies, was celebrated at the Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers in a manner that did credit to the time-honored custom, and to the friends through whose generosity the many tables were so bountifully supplied. For weeks previous the lady friends of the institution had been laboring with assiduity to secure a sufficiency of tempting edibles, and in preparing the donations for the mouths of the expectant children. The amount of provisions of every description contributed for the dinner greatly exceeded that of any previous year. The offering from one source alone—the butchers at Communipaw—consisted of six sides of freshly slaughtered beef, six fine sheep, and six monster hogs, while from neighboring cities and some New England rural districts, where “pumpkin” pies are manufactured in their virgin excellence, the receipts were of like proportions. The handsome building just completed upon the grounds recently purchased, and running through from New Bowery to Roosevelt street, was thrown open to the public for the first time, and added an intensity to the pleasure of the occasion. The exercises were held in the capacious chapel, and consisted of addresses from our leading clergymen and citizens, and singing by the children. Throughout the entire programme the attention and interest manifested was of a marked character. One hundred little girls, neatly attired, and bearing smiling faces, executed the choral entertainment in a manner indicative of their thorough instruction, receiving frequent applause from the delighted audience.

As party after party of exultant children filed down the stairs and took their places around the tables, the interest of the visitors seemed to advance with rapid strides. Everybody appeared in the full enjoyment of happiness, and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout the entire day. Among the interesting features of the occasion, there were several that impressed themselves upon the audience with rare force. An aged widow lady desired to give something for the comfort of the little ones, but being in straitened circumstances, could only afford a skein of white yarn. The venerable Joseph Hoxie, President of the Mission, made some well-chosen remarks upon the great value of the gift, and then put up the widow's mite at auction, and struck it off to a \$50 bid. The purchaser generously paid the amount, and presented the yarn to the Mission again, when it was offered for sale a second time, and sold to a young lady for \$250.

The Thanksgiving breakfast for the poor was attended by over five hundred persons, and was truly an impressive scene. Grandparents, tottering with age and disease, fathers and mothers, dressed in scanty and ill-contrasted garments, and children who are accustomed to pick rags and cinders from the streets, filed out from innumerable alleys, musty garrets, and miserable hovels, and presented themselves for the offerings of charity. Our illustration represents this little army of unfortunate in the act of eating, but the expressions of thankfulness pictured upon shriveled faces, and the deep earnestness of the “God bless you,” are subjects beyond the pencil's range. While these poor creatures were eating, the children in the adjoining room sang songs of praise and cheerful tunes that must have had a powerful effect on the minds of the hearers. Over two thousand persons partook of the bounty of a generous public at this benevolent institution, and the sum of \$900 was realized through the day from auction sales and voluntary contributions.

Thanksgiving Dinner at the Five Points Mission.

THROUGH the liberality of marketmen, commission-merchants, hotel-keepers, and other friends of this pioneer institution, an ample repast was served on Thanksgiving-Day to the children of the Mission and the destitute people of the neighborhood. Interesting services were held in the chapel, in which the children were addressed by some of our most substantial citizens, who, in return, were agreeably entertained by the little ones with choice selections from their musical repertoire.

At the conclusion of the singing, each child was presented with neat toy, and also with a suit of new and durable clothing, and then repaired to the dining-room, where our picture represents them in the attitude of devotion previous to entering upon the active consideration of the good things with which eight long tables were loaded.

One thousand children were supplied with all the turkey, pie and cake they could eat, and then the tables were prepared for their parents and such other poor persons as chose to accept the bounty of the institution.

On the following day a general distribution of the dinner not consumed was made to indigent parties in the vicinity of the Mission, and at least one thousand were thus treated with a first-class meal.

This institution, it should be borne in mind, is the oldest of its kind in the city, having been established in 1850. Thanksgiving Day has been duly observed each year from the time of its organization, and this, consequently, was the seventeenth anniversary of the great festival. The ladies, who are always in the front ranks of benevolent enterprises, foster the interests and charities of this well-known home with a commendable spirit, leaving no method untried of relieving the physical and spiritual wants of those who inhabit a district once so vile. The work of relief and instruction is superintended by Reverend J. N. Schaffer, assisted by a corps of friends, all of whom are connected with the enterprise by ties of disinterested affection. From the earnest support given to the Mission by its legion of generous friends, it has been able to assume and maintain a leading position among the charities of the city.

Taming a Tartar.

CHAPTER V.

For a week I kept my room and left the princess to fabricate what tales she liked. She came to me every day reporting the preparations for departure were begun, but the day still remained unfixed, although April was half over.

“He waits for you, I am sure; he inquires for you daily, and begins to frown at the delay. To appease him, come down to-morrow, languid, lame, and in a charming dishabille. Amuse him as you used to do, and if anything is said of Russia, express your willingness to go, but deplore your inability to bear the journey now.”

Very glad to recover my liberty, I obeyed the princess, and entered her room next day leaning on Jacobine, pale, languid, and in my most be-

coming morning toilet. The princess was reading novels on her sofa by the fire; the prince, in the brilliant costume in which I first saw him, sat in my chair, busy at my embroidery frame. The odd contrast between the man and his employment struck me so ludicrously that a half laugh escaped me. Both looked up; the prince sprang out of his chair as if about to rush forward, but checked himself, and received me with a silent nod. The princess made a great stir over me, and with some difficulty was persuaded to compose herself at last. Having answered her eager and the prince's polite inquiries, I took up my work, saying, with an irresistible smile as I examined the gentleman's progress:

“My flowers have blossomed in my absence, I see. Does M. le Prince possess all accomplishments?”

“Ah, you smile, but I assure you embroidery is one of the amusements of Russian gentlemen, and they often excel us in it. My brother scorned it till he was disabled with a wound, and when all other devices failed, this became his favorite employment.”

As the princess spoke the prince stood in his usual attitude on the rug, eying me with a suspicious look, which annoyed me intensely and destroyed my interesting pallor by an uncontrollable blush. I felt terribly guilty with those piercing black eyes fixed on me, and appeared to be absorbed in a fresh bit of work. The princess chattered on till a salver full of notes and cards was brought in, when she forgot everything else in reading and answering these. The prince approached me then, and seating himself near my sofa, said, with somewhat ironical emphasis on the last two words:

“I congratulate mademoiselle on her recovery, and that her bloom is quite untouched by her severe sufferings.”

“The princess in her amiable sympathy doubtlessly exaggerated my pain, but I certainly have suffered, though my roses may belie me.”

Why my eyes should fill and my lips tremble was a mystery to me, but they did, as I looked up at him with a reproachful face. I spoke the truth. I had suffered, not bodily but mental pain, trying to put away forever a tempting hope which suddenly came to trouble me. Astonishment and concern replaced the cold, suspicious expression of the prince's countenance, and his voice was very kind as he asked, with an evident desire to divert my thoughts from myself:

“For what luxurious being do you embroider these splendid slippers of purple and gold, mademoiselle? Or is that an indiscreet question?”

“For my friend Adolph Vernay.”

“They are too large, he is but a boy,” began the prince, but stopped abruptly, and bit his lip with a quick glance at me.

Without lifting my eyes I said, coolly:

“M. le Prince appears to have observed this gentleman with much care, to discover that he has a handsome foot and a youthful face.”

“Without doubt I should scrutinize any man with whom I saw mademoiselle walking alone in the twilight. As one of my household, I take the liberty of observing your conduct, and for my sister's sake ask of you to pardon this surveillance.”

He spoke gravely, but looked unsatisfied, and feeling in a tormenting mood, I mystified him still more by saying, with a bow of assent:

“If M. le Prince knew all, he would see nothing strange in my promenade, nor in the earnestness of that interview. Believe me, I may seem rash, but I shall never forget what is due to the princess while I remain with her.”

He pondered over my words a moment with his eyes on my face, and a frown bending his black brows. Suddenly he spoke, hastily, almost roughly:

“I comprehend what mademoiselle would convey. Monsieur Adolph is a lover, and the princess is about to lose her friend.”

“Exactly. M. le Prince has guessed the mystery,” and I smiled with downcast eyes.

A gilded ornament on the back of the chair against which the prince leaned snapped under his hand as it closed with a strong grip. He flung it away, and said, rapidly, with a jar in his usually musical voice:

“This gentleman will marry, it seems, and mademoiselle, with the charming freedom of an English woman, arranges the affair herself.”

“Helps to arrange; Adolph has sense and courage; I leave much to him.”

“And when is this interesting event to take place, if one may ask?”

“Next week, if all goes well.”

“I infer the princess knows of this?”

“Oh, yes. I told her at once.”

“And she consents?”

“Without doubt; what right would she have to object?”

“Ah, I forgot; in truth, none, nor any other. It is incomprehensible she is to lose you and yet is not in dispair.”

“It is but for a time. I join her later if she desires it.”

“Never, with that man!” and the prince rose with an impetuous gesture, which sent my silks flying.

“What man?” I asked, affecting bewilderment.

“This Adolph, whom you are about to marry.”

“M. le Prince quite mistakes; I fancied he knew more of the affair. Permit me to explain.”

“Quick, then; what is the mystery? who marries? who goes? who stays?”

So flushed, anxious and excited did he look, that I was satisfied with my test, and set about enlightening him with alacrity. Having told why I met the young man, I added:

“Adolph will demand the hand of Adele from her parents, but if they refuse it, as I fear they will, being prejudiced against him by Madame Bayard, he will effect his purpose in another manner. Though I do not approve of elopements in general, this is a case where it is pardonable, and I heartily wish him success.”

While I spoke the prince's brow had cleared, he drew a long breath, reseated himself in the chair before me, and when I paused, said, with one of his sudden smiles and an air of much interest:

“Then you would have this lover boldly carry off his mistress in spite of all obstacles?”

“Yes. I like courage in love as in war, and respect man who conquers all obstacles.”

“Good, it is well said,” and with a low laugh the prince sat regarding me in silence for a moment. Then an expression of relief stole over his face as he said, still smiling:

“And it was of this you spoke so earnestly when you fancied I watched you in the gardens?”

“Fancied! may, M. le Prince has confessed that it was no fancy.”

“How if I had not confessed?”

“I should have believed your word till you betrayed yourself, and then—”

I paused there with an uncontrollable gesture of contempt. He eyed me keenly, saying in that half-imperious, half-persuasive voice of his:

“It is well then that I obeyed my first impulse. To speak truth is one of the instincts which these polished Frenchmen have not yet conquered in the ‘barbarian,’ as they call me.”

“I respected you for that truthful ‘yes,’ more than for anything you ever said or did,” I cried, forgetting myself entirely.

“Then, mademoiselle, has a little respect for me?”

He leaned his chin upon the arm that lay along the back of his chair, and looked at me with a sudden softening of voice, eye, and manner.

“Can M. le Prince doubt it?” I said, demurely, little guessing what was to follow.

“Does mademoiselle desire to be respected for the same virtue?” he asked.

“More than for any other.”

“Then will she give me a truthful answer to the plain question I desire to ask?”

“I will;” and my heart beat rebelliously as I glanced at the handsome face so near me, and just then so dangerously gentle.

“Has not mademoiselle foigned illness for the past week?”

The question took me completely by surprise, but anxious to stand the test, I glanced at the princess, still busy at her writing-table in the distant alcove, and checking the answer which rose to my lips, I said, lowering my voice:

“On one condition will I reply.”

“Name it, mademoiselle?”

“That nothing be said to Madame la Princesse of this.”

“I give you my word.”

“Well, then, I answer, yes;” and I fixed my eyes full on his as I spoke.

His face darkened a shade, but his manner remained unchanged.

“Thanks; now, for the reason of the ruse?”

“To delay a little the journey to Russia.”

“Ha, I had not thought of that, imbecile that I am!” he exclaimed with a start.

“What other reason did M. le Prince imagine, if I may question in my turn?”

His usually proud and steady eyes wavered and fell, and he made no answer, but seemed to fall into a reverie, from which he woke presently to ask abruptly:

“What did you mean by saying you were to leave my sister for a time, and rejoin her later?”

“I must trouble you with the relation of a little affair which will probably detain me till the departure, for but a week now remains of April.”

“I listen, mademoiselle.”

“Good Madame Bayard is unfortunately the victim of a cruel disease, which menaces her life unless an operation can be successfully performed. The time for this trial is at hand, and I have promised to be with her. If she lives I can safely leave her in a few days; if she dies I must remain till her son can arrive. This sad duty will keep me for a week or two, and I can rejoin madame at any point she may desire.”

“But why make this promise? Madame Bayard has friends—why impose this unnecessary sacrifice of time, nerve, and sympathy upon you, mademoiselle?” And the prince knit his brows, as if ill-pleased.

“When I came to Paris long ago a poor, friendless, sorrowful girl, this good woman took me in, and for five years has been a mother to me. I am grateful, and would make any sacrifice to serve her in her hour of need.”

I spoke with energy; the frown melted to the smile which always ennobled his face, as the prince replied, in a tone of forgetful acquiescence: “You are right. I say no more. If you are detained I will leave Vail to escort you to us. He is true as steel, and will guard you well. When must you go to the poor lady?”

“To-morrow; the princess consents to my wish, and I devote myself to my friend till she needs me no longer. May I ask when you leave Paris?” I could not resist asking.

“On the last day of the month,” was the brief reply, as the prince rose, and roamed away with a thoughtful face, leaving me to ponder over many things as I wrought my golden pansies, wondering if I should ever dare to offer the purple velvet slippers to the possessor of a handsome foot than Adolph.

The following day I went to Madame Bayard; the operation was performed, but failed, and the poor soul died in my arms, blessing me for my love and care. I sent tidings of the event to the princess, and received a kind reply, saying all was ready, and the day irrevocably fixed.

I passed a busy week; saw my best friend laid to her last rest; arranged such of her affairs as I could, and impatiently awaited the arrival of her son. On the second day of May he came, and I was free.

As soon as possible I hastened to the hotel, expecting to find it deserted. To my surprise, however, I saw lights in the salons of the princess, and heard sounds of life everywhere as I went wonderingly toward my own apartments. The windows were open, flowers filled the room with

spring odors, and everything wore an air of welcome as if some one waited for me. Some one did, for on the balcony, which ran along the whole front, leaned the prince in the mild, new-fallen twilight, singing softly to himself.

“Not gone!” I exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise.

He turned, smiled, flushed, and said, as he vanished:

“I follow mademoiselle's good example in yielding my wishes to the comfort and pleasure of others.”

CHAPTER VI.

The next day we set out, but the dreaded journey proved delightful, for the weather was fine, and the prince in a charming mood. No allusion was made to the unexpected delay, except by the princess, who privately expressed her wonder at my power, and treated me with redoubled confidence and affection. We loitered by the way, and did not reach St. Petersburg till June.

I had expected changes in my life as well as change of scene, but was unprepared for the position which it soon became evident I was to assume. In Paris I had been the companion, now I was treated as a friend and equal by both the prince and princess. They entirely ignored my post, and remembering only that I was by birth a gentlewoman, by a thousand friendly acts made it impossible for me to refuse the relations which they chose to establish between us. I suspect the princess hinted to her intimates that I was a connection of her own, and my name gave color to the statement. Thus I found myself received with respect and interest by the circle in which I now moved, and truly enjoyed the free, gay life, which seemed doubly charming, after years of drudgery.

With this exception there was less alteration in my surroundings than I had imagined, for the upper classes in Russia speak nothing but French; in dress, amusements, and manners, copy French models so carefully that I should often have fancied myself in Paris, but for the glimpses of barbarism, which observing eyes cannot fail to detect, in spite of the splendor which surrounds them. The hotel of the prince was a dream of luxury; his equipages magnificent; his wealth apparently boundless; his friends among the highest in the land

slowly by, and I had begun to think the prince had indeed forgotten me, when I was convinced that he had not in a somewhat alarming manner. Returning one evening from a lonely walk in the Place Michel, with its green English square, I observed a carriage standing near the Palace Galitzin, and listlessly wondered who was about to travel, for the coachman was in his place and a servant stood holding the door open. As I passed I glanced in, but saw nothing, for in the act sudden darkness fell upon me; a cloak was dexterously thrown over me, enveloping my head and arms, and rendering me helpless. Some one lifted me into the carriage, the door closed, and I was driven rapidly away, in spite of my stifled cries and fruitless struggles. At first I was frantic with anger and fear, and rebelled desperately against the strong hold which restrained me. Not a word was spoken, but I felt sure, after the first alarm, that the prince was near me, and this discovery, though it increased my anger, allayed my fear. Being half-suffocated, I suddenly feigned faintness, and lay motionless, as if spent. A careful hand withdrew the thick folds, and as I opened my eyes they met those of the prince fixed on me, full of mingled solicitude and triumph.

"You! Yes; I might have known no one else would dare perpetrate such an outrage!" I cried, breathlessly, and in a tone of intense scorn, though my heart leaped with joy to see him.

He laughed, while his eyes flashed, as he answered, gayly:

"Mademoiselle forgets that she once said she 'liked courage in love as in war, and respected a man who conquered all obstacles.' I remember this, and, when other means fail dare to brave even her anger to gain my object."

"What is that object?" I demanded, as my eyes fell before the ardent glance fixed on me.

"It is to see you at Volnoi, in spite of your cruel refusal."

"I will not go."

And with a sudden gesture I dashed my hand through the window and cried for help with all my strength. In an instant I was pinioned again, and my cries stifled by the cloak, as the prince said, sternly:

"If mademoiselle resists, it will be the worse for her. Submit, and no harm will befall you. Accept the society of one who adores you, and permit yourself to be conquered by one who never yields—except to you," he added, softly, as he held me closer, and put by the cloak again.

"Let me go—I will be quiet," I panted, feeling that it was indeed idle to resist now, yet resolving that he should suffer for this freak.

"You promise to submit—to smile again, and be your charming self?" he said, in the soft tone that was so hard to deny.

"I promise nothing but to be quiet. Release me instantly!" and I tried to undo the clasp of the hand that held me.

"Not till you forgive me and look kind. Nay, struggle if you will, I like it, for till now you have been the master. See, I pardon all your cruelty, and find you more lovely than ever."

As he spoke he bent and kissed me on forehead, lips and cheek with an ardor which wholly daunted me. I did pardon him, for there was real love in his face, and love robbed the act of rudeness in my eyes, for instead of any show of anger or disdain, I hid my face in my hands, weeping the first tears he had ever seen me shed. It tamed him in a moment, for as I sobbed I heard him imploring me to be calm, promising to sin no more, and assuring me that he meant only to carry me to Volnoi as its mistress, whom he loved and honored above all women. Would I forgive his wild act, and let his obedience in all things else act for this?

"I must forgive it; and if he did not mock me by idle offers of obedience, I desired him to release me entirely and leave me to compose myself, if possible."

He instantly withdrew his arm, and seated himself opposite me, looking half contrite, half exultant, as he arranged the cloak about my feet. I shrank into the corner and dried my tears, feeling unusually weak and womanish, just when I most desired to be strong and stern. Before I could whet my tongue for some rebuke, the prince uttered an exclamation of alarm, and caught my hand. I looked, and saw that it was bleeding from a wound made by the shattered glass.

"Let it bleed," I said, trying to withdraw it. But he held it fast, binding it up with his own handkerchief in the tenderest manner, saying as he finished, with a passionate pressure:

"Give it to me, Sybil, I want it—this little hand—so resolute, yet soft. Let it be mine, and it shall never know labor or wound again. Why do you frown—what parts us?"

"This," and I pointed to the crest embroidered on the corner of the *mouchoir*.

"Is that all?" he asked, bending forward with a keen glance that seemed to read my heart.

"One other trifle," I replied sharply.

"Name it, my princess, and I will annihilate it, as all other obstacles," he said, with the lordly air that became him.

"It is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible to Alexis Demidoff."

"I do not love you."

"In truth, Sybil?" he cried incredulously.

"In truth," I answered steadily.

He eyed me an instant with a gloomy air, then drew a long breath, and set his teeth, exclaiming:

"You are mortal. I shall make you love me."

"How, monsieur?" I coldly asked, while my traitorous heart beat fast.

"I shall humble myself before you, shall obey your commands, shall serve you, protect you, love and honor you ardently, faithfully, while I live. Will not such devotion win you?"

"No."

It was a hard word to utter, but I spoke it, looking him full in the eye and seeing with a pang how pale he grew with real despair.

"Is it because you love already, or that you have no heart?" he said slowly.

"I love already." The words escaped me against my will, for the truth would find vent in spite of me. He took it as I meant he should, for his lips whitened, as he asked hoarsely:

"And this man whom you love, is he alive?"

"Yes."

"He knows of this happiness—he returns your love?"

"He loves me; ask no more; I am ill and weary."

A gloomy silence reigned for several minutes, for the prince seemed buried in a bitter reverie, and I was intent on watching him. An involuntary sigh broke from me as I saw the shadow deepen on the handsome face opposite, and thought that my falsehood had changed the color of a life. He looked up at the sound, saw my white, anxious face, and without a word drew from a pocket of the carriage a flask and silver cup, poured me a draught of wine, and offered it, saying gently:

"Am I cruel in my love, Sybil?"

I made no answer, but drank the wine, and asked as I returned the cup:

"Now that you know the truth, must I go to Volnoi? Be kind, and let me return to Madame Yermaloff."

His face darkened and his eyes grew fierce, as he replied, with an aspect of indomitable resolve:

"It is impossible; I have sworn to make you love me, and at Volnoi I will work the miracle. Do you think this knowledge of the truth will deter me? No; I shall teach you to forget this man, whoever he is, and make you happy in my love. You doubt this. Wait a little and see what a real passion can do."

This lover-like pertinacity was dangerous, for it flattered my woman's nature more than any submission could have done. I dared not listen to it, and preferring to see him angry rather than tender, I said provokingly:

"No man ever forced a woman to love him against her will. You will certainly fail, for no one in her senses would give her heart to you!"

"And why? Am I hideous?" he asked, with a haughty smile.

"Far from it."

"Am I a fool, mademoiselle?"

"Quite the reverse."

"Am I base?"

"No."

"Have I degraded my name and rank by any act?"

"Never, till to-night, I believe."

He laughed, yet looked uneasy, and demanded imperiously:

"Then, why will no woman love me?"

"Because you have the will of a tyrant, and the temerity of a madman."

If I had struck him in the face it would not have startled him as my blunt words did. He flushed scarlet, drew back and regarded me with a half-bewildered air, for never had such a speech been made to him before. Seeing my success, I followed it up by saying gravely:

"The insult of to-night gives me the right to forget the respect I have hitherto paid you, and for once you shall hear the truth as plain as words can make it. Many fear you for these faults, but no one dares tell you of them, and they mar an otherwise fine nature."

I got no further, for to my surprise, the prince was suddenly, with real dignity, though his voice was less firm than before:

"One dares to tell me of them, and I thank her. Will she add to the obligation by teaching me to cure them?" Then he broke out impetuously: "Sybil, you can help me; you possess courage and power to tame my wild temper, my headstrong will. In heaven's name I ask you to do it, that I may be worthy some good woman's love."

He stretched his hands toward me with a gesture full of force and feeling, and his eloquent eyes pleaded for pity. I felt my resolution melting away, and fortified myself by a chilly speech.

"Monsieur le Prince has said that nothing is impossible to him; if he can conquer all obstacles, it were well to begin with these."

"I have begun. Since I knew you my despotic will has bent more than once to yours, and my mad temper has been curbed by the remembrance that you have seen it. Sybil, if I do conquer you, can you, will you try to love me?"

So earnestly he looked, so humbly he spoke, it was impossible to resist the charm of this new and manlier mood. I gave him my hand, and said, with the smile that always won him:

"I will respect you sincerely, and be your friend; more I cannot promise."

He kissed my hand with a wistful glance, and sighed as he dropped it, saying in a tone of mingled hope and resignation:

"Thanks; respect and friendship from you are dearer than love and confidence from another woman. I know and deplore the faults fostered by education and indulgence, and I will conquer them. Give me time. I swear it will be done."

"I believe it, and I pray for your success."

He averted his face and sat silent for many minutes, as if struggling with some emotion which he was too proud to show. I watched him, conscious of a redoubled interest in this man, who at one moment ruled me like a despot, and at another confessed his faults like a repentant boy.

A Queer Old Robber.

Not many months ago, one of the sights to be seen in Paris was the rather ghastly one of the embalmed body of the celebrated robber Cartouche, who flourished in France in the early part of the last century.

Cartouche was sentenced in the year 1721, to be broken upon the wheel. According to some authorities, the execution did not take place, the criminal having so ingratiated himself with

one of the jailers, that the latter agreed to forego the extreme penalty by strangling him with a silken cord. Probably hemp was considered too vulgar a material for the final neck-tie of so famous a criminal; but at any rate, when the deed was done, the jailer was allowed to retain the body as his perquisite, and he made a nice little sum of money by exhibiting it at two sous a head for a few days. Then the body was handed over to a surgeon for dissection; but that professional man happened also to be a speculating one, and instead of cutting up the body, he embalmed it, and having enclosed it in a glass case, made a permanent show of it for an admission fee of ten sous. This doctor devised the body to Professor Ballouret, by whom it was presented to a museum. In course of time it passed through many hands, still in a state of perfect preservation, until it was acquired by its present proprietor, for a sum equivalent to \$2,500.

Cartouche belonged to a family of respectable tradespeople in Paris. From his early youth he was a constant source of trouble to his parents, on account of his irresistible propensity to thieving, and many were the scrapes into which he got himself through his operations. When about ten years of age, he whipped up a duchess's lap-dog from the cushion of a carriage that was waiting in front of a mansion. He had seized the animal adroitly by the muzzle, to prevent it from yelping an alarm, but somehow it got its head free and bit his hand, whereupon he dropped it, and a footman coming up at the moment, Master Cartouche was treated by him to a sound flagellation.

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In the back yard of a house in the street in which Cartouche's parents lived, there was a tank in which some ducks of a valuable breed were kept. To obtain some of these birds had long been a pet project with young Cartouche, but it was not so easy to execute it, as the yard was guarded by a large dog. A brilliant idea, however, occurred to the mind of the juvenile delinquent. He procured some fishing tackle of a fine but strong description; and provided with this, he got upon the roof of the house, whence, by scrambling over parapets and creeping along ledges, he arrived at the roof of the house to which the ducks belonged. Here he baited his hook with duck's meat of some kind, and letting it down gently to the tank, soon hooked the old drake, and began to haul him up, hand over hand. When the drake was about half-way up the wall, however, the flapping of his wings against a window attracted the attention of some one within, and the trick was discovered.

The law was not called into requisition, on account of the youth of the delinquent; but appropriate justice was dealt out to him by immersing him in the duck pond from which he had expected to make so good a "haul."

After a brief career of vice and crime in Paris, Cartouche went into Normandy, where he organized a gang of brigands, whom he commanded as chief. Here some of his exploits have become traditional.

A nobleman was traveling through the country in his carriage, with postillions and outriders. It was about dusk when, at a lonely part of the road, they encountered a man on horseback, who, presenting a gun at the postillions, commanded them to pull up, on pain of death. This they did, while the two outriders put spurs to their horses and galloped away. Then the robber, who was no other than Cartouche, approached the nobleman and saluted him with much respect, at the same time keeping the muzzle of his gun pointed at him.

The traveler had no arms, so that defense was impossible; and the robber addressed him with, "I beg a thousand pardons of your lordship's august honor for stopping your carriage; but I assure you that pressing necessity has driven me to the act. I am an armorer, and being much pressed for money, I would gladly dispose of this gun to your lordship, if your lordship will only give the goodness to purchase it of me."

"And how much do you want for it, pray?" asked the nobleman, surprised at this mode of proceeding by a highwayman.

"One thousand francs," replied Cartouche. "The piece is worth double that, as you can see from its mountings; but I am pressed for money, as I have said, and you shall have it at a bargain."

"I have but five hundred francs with me," said the nobleman.

"Give me three hundred, then, and a check on your banker for the balance," said Cartouche.

The nobleman, seeing that resistance might cost him his life, opened his writing case and wrote out the check, which he handed, with the three hundred francs, to the robber, who handed him the gun, and bowing to his saddle-bow, turned his horse's head to go. At this moment the nobleman, cocking the gun, aimed it at Cartouche's head, crying: "Hand me back my money, you robber, or else I will blow out your brains."

"That, my lord, would not be an easy thing to do with an unloaded gun; and, although I have several loaded pistols about me, I do not think it would be judicious of me to lend them to you in your present temper. Spare your epithets; I am not a robber, on this occasion, at least, but have made a regular commercial transaction with you," and with these words, the rascal gave a ironical laugh and disappeared into the thicket.

Next day the nobleman notified his banker, so that payment of the check should be stopped; but Cartouche had been beforehand with him, and received the money.

It seems that the robber, for some reason or other, had made a vow not to steal for a certain time, and, being pressed for money, had hit upon this subterfuge to keep his conscience quiet.

Finding that Normandy did not afford a sufficiently wide field for his operations, Cartouche

returned to Paris, where he soon became the leader of a widely-extended and very expert gang of thieves. The police arrangements at that day were very inefficient, and these robbers committed the most audacious thefts in the very heart of Paris.

Cartouche, as a general thing, was opposed to the taking of life, and his mode of operating was often very eccentric.

One day he went into a tavern in the neighborhood of Paris to seek for some refreshments. The man of the house and his wife appeared to be in trouble about something, and Cartouche inquired of them the cause. He was told that they were unable to pay their rent, and that the owner of the premises had threatened to eject them.

"How much do you owe?" asked Cartouche.

"Three thousand francs," replied the inn-keeper.

After a few moments' reflection, Cartouche said:

"You seem to be good, honest people enough, and I should like to help you out of your difficulty. I will lend you the sum named, which you can repay me at your convenience. Notify your landlord to come here to-morrow at three o'clock, to receive his rent, the amount of which has been lent to you by a friend, and be sure that he gives you a receipt in full."

Well, the landlord came at the appointed hour, pocketed the three thousand francs (\$600), and went on his way rejoicing. As he was passing through a piece of woodland, however, on his way to Paris, he was confronted by Cartouche and one of his gang, who robbed him of all the money he had about him, amounting to more than four thousand francs.

Cartouche and his gang used frequently to perpetrate robberies more for the purpose of exhibiting their address than with a view to gain. It is told of this audacious marauder that he once offered a handsome reward to one of his followers, if the latter would steal the coat off the back of a certain constable or inspector of police, who had made himself obnoxious to them by his vigilance. The robber undertook the commission, and watching his opportunity, when the inspector, dressed in his very best uniform, was on the watch in some

LAFAYETTE LAKE,
FLORIDA.

FLORIDA abounds in beautiful lakes which often have no apparent outlet, though the constant shifting of this level shows that they must be connected by subterranean channels with the outside world of waters. These lakes are generally well stocked with fish, and during the winter season innumerable flocks of wild ducks, geese, and other aquatic fowl, frequent their quiet bosoms. Lafayette Lake, of which our artist furnishes a sketch, is located in Leon County, about six miles from Tallahassee, the Capital of the State. It derives its name from General Lafayette, of Revolutionary fame, to whom the United States Government made a grant of a township of land in which the lake is situated. The lake is a spot much frequented by the French and English tourists who visit the South, on account of the beauty, as well as the magnificence of the scenery which surrounds it, all agreeing that the preconceived idea of its claims fail to come up to the reality.

Ancient Tomb of Sir William Pepperrell, Bart., and Family,

THE ONLY NATIVE OF NEW ENGLAND
WHO WAS CREATED A BARONET DURING
OUR CONNECTION WITH THE
MOTHER COUNTRY.

At the funeral obsequies of his father, Mr. Pepperrell bestowed every mark of respect that filial affection dictated. He, shortly after, ordered from London the marble structure that now stands over the vault containing the moldering remains of the Pepperrell family, which was erected about the year 1756. This is almost the only relic of Pepperrell's day now remaining as it was at Kittery Point, Maine; and even here the vault beneath became so dilapidated several years since that water gained admission through its crumbling roof, and washed the disolving remains of the tenants into an undistinguishable mass, and, but for the respect entertained for the memory of the illustrious dead by a female, remotely descended from the baronet, the whole structure would long since have fallen into ruins. The present appearance of the structure is ancient in the extreme; exposed to the storms of centuries, it has assumed the dull gray hue of granite, while the upper surface of the marble tablet is scrawled by the initials and names of a vulgar, miserable-minded herd, who by so doing, gain for themselves an unenvied reputation. This is also the same class who have from time to time despoiled and marred the elegance of the sculpture, by breaking from the corners and angles pieces of the marble. It must be a sordid conscience that will permit its possessor to contaminate



LAFAYETTE LAKE, FLORIDA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

made room for his unexpected visitor very promptly, and the guest composedly devoured the meal. Though sorry to lose his labor, the man was too polite to object to this proceeding, and went home without his supper. Moral: True politeness is never lost even on a perfect bear.

An Adventure with the Piper that Played Before Moses.

Did you ever hear of the "Piper that played before Moses"? I had, very often; but it was only last winter I made his acquaintance personally and under rather peculiar circumstances, which I shall presently relate.

It happened that a long strain of brain-work had resulted in symptoms which caused my medical adviser to order me out of town—away from the sight of books, or voice of bookish men. So I went to what Mr. Borrow calls wild Wales, under the impression that the migration of tourists having taken place long ago, I should find, so to speak, the land of Goshen; at any rate, escape from my enemy the printer and his satellites.

I left St. David's one morning, and, moralizing upon the "evil that I had seen under the sun—the lust of the eye, the pride of life"—I found myself gazing up at a queer aerie-looking tower, perched on an isolated rock. Not far from the ruins sat the most dilapidated specimen of a piper I had ever chanced upon—he was literally ragged and tattered.

"Good day to your honor," said he, looking me sharply over as he touched his forehead; "it's a fine day for the ducks. If y'r honor will only condescend to take this stone seat, ye'll find it dry; for I've been sitting on it all night."

"All night, my friend?" said I, somewhat incredulously.

"Sin' sunset, anyhow."

"Why, it poured with rain."

"Faix it did; rain was no name for it, it came down, anyhow; but rain or no rain, here I sat listening and watching, till the eyeballs of me were well out of their sockets, and niver so much as a scrape of his feet did I see or hear."

"You expected a friend, did you?"

"Faix, y'u not far out."

"Rather a wet night for a rendezvous," I went on, wondering what kind of character I had fallen in with. You must have a lonely time of it, unless you are partial to the society of ghosts, which I suppose Roche Castle supplies *ad libitum*, after the manner of Welsh ruins in general."

"And indeed they do, half a dozen at least; I seed them plain enuf in the night. Can you see spirits?"

"No. Can you?"

The man laughed and look triumphant.

"In course I can. Sure it was a spirit I was waiting fur so long; but maybe it was too wet fur him."

"I didn't know spirits thought of such trivial circumstances."

"Then you've somethin' to larn anyhow," he said, cunningly. "He's bin used to warm climates, ye see, and after that it is small shame to him if he was afraid of last night."

"Then, if it's not an impudent question," I said, "tell me what climate is your friend used to?"

"The desert, to be sure. Faith, thin, clever as you look, it's somethin' else than y'r Bible ye've been reading; didn't he walk forenset the children of Israel, through the big desert for forty years."

"Oh," said I, slightly taken aback, and giving a wider berth to my friend, "oh, it's Moses you mean."

"True fur ye, it's no less. You've heard tell of the piper that played before Moses?"

I acknowledged that I had, wondering what would come next, though scarcely prepared for his answer:

"Faix, then, I'm ho."

I confess to being startled, perhaps not so much by the assertion—that I had no inclination to dispute—as by the fact that I was sitting cheek by jowl with a madman. I took a hurried glance over the pipe, and a firmer grasp at my walking-stick—a tolerable weapon of defense, being bamboo, and leaded at the top.

Suddenly he turned round and eyed me, asking eagerly:

"Which way did ye come?"

"From St. David's," I replied; and never till my dying day shall I forget the yell that rang in my ears; I hear it yet, tingling and crashing.

"Ooh, by the powers! to think I didn't know ye's, and you laffin' at me in your slave, and playin' me such a thirk. Get up wid ye, and just wait till I fill the billows; that's it, now I'm ready. Step out, Moses; come, step out."

And he began blowing away; walking off, but looking over his shoulder to make sure of my following, shouting presently:

"Why don't ye come on, holy Moses—why don't ye come on? Sure it's the tune ye like best ov any. Oh! y'u going to give me the slip are you? Faith there's two worrids to that bargain. I waited for ye's all last night, wet and dry, and I'm not such a gommerel as ye take me fur, to let ye out of me sight, now I've got ye. Now then, come along with ye, quick!" I did not move. I had some intention of knocking him down, but then his head did not look as if it would care much for a knock, unless it cracked it, and that of course was out of the question. I had no wish to figure as a murderer; so I thought I'd let him walk on, and when he was looking ahead I would run for it; but before I could decide what course I was to pursue, the piper turned, and walking backward with that peculiar strut common to his trade, ordered me to follow after.

"My good fellow," I began, with a faint hope that

remonstrance might do something; "I am not Moses, and if you will sit down and wait for your friend, I will continue my journey."

A long, loud laugh was his reply, added to which came:

"Come, none o' your thicks upon travelers; ye needn't try to barney me."

"But, I assure you, my name is Fenton."

"Well, and if it is, what thin? Sure it's always won to them poor, ignorant onmadhounds o' Welsh, they don't know any better; so av ye plase, y'r Moses—anyways till the real Moses comes."

And he winked, as much as to say he had me fast.

"And if I do go with you, supposing I am Moses, what do you expect me to do?"

The piper stared, then scratched his head, and stared again.

"Faix, I never thought of that; what will ye be doing indeed?"

"Will you let me consult Aaron?"

"Av coarse; only don't be stoppin' so long, for I'm gittin' hungry."

"Then lie down, and don't look up for your life," said I. "Keep both eyes fast shut till you hear a big bellow like a cow roaring, then n' you may peep, and you'll see Aaron."

Down went the piper on the ground, his face buried in the grass, and away went I as fast as my legs could carry me, striding for a clump of trees, where, "by the smoke that so gracefully curled," I opined refuge and help must be near.

Nor was I mistaken. After a headlong race or steeped-chase over field and dike, I bolted into a farm-house kitchen, where a woman was up to her elbows in a copper pan of curds, and who was evidently not a little surprised, as well she might be, at my sudden advent.

"What's the matter, sir? sure ye've been running, she said.

"Oh, I've met the piper that played before Moses," I replied, still gasping for breath; and a queer, half-

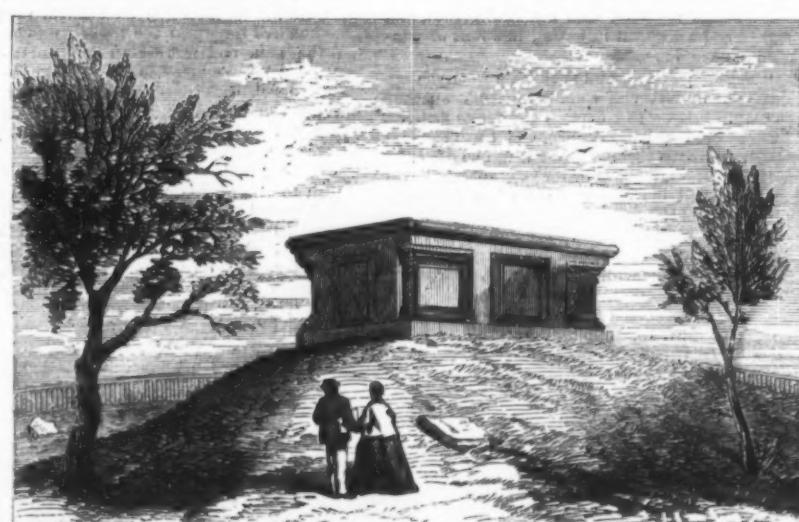


AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

amused, half-ashamed look came upon the woman's comely face, as beckoning a girl, she said:

"Run, Mary, for father; sure the poor gentleman's out of his mind."

But I soon satisfied her that I was sane enough; and a good laugh we had over her fear and my story, and I am thankful to say that from that day to this I have never met the "Piper that played before Moses," though I have often marveled whether he was still waiting on the dry stone by Roche Castle, or whether, as I strongly suspect, he was only on the tramp, and migrating eastward as the tourists had done before him.



ANCIENT TOMB OF SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL, BART.

A CUSTOM OF CUBA.—The custom-house was an apartment as big as a barn—all the rooms in Havana are enormous. The floor was intolerably dirty; but the roof was a magnificent open timber one, the timber being solid beams of delightfully fragrant cedar. So you had the Aegean stables underneath, and Solomon's palace in all its glory above—not an uncommon contrast in Cuba. The custom-house officers gave us very little trouble. I addressed the first gentleman with a cockade I met as *senor*—I should perhaps have called him *caballero*—begged a cigar light from him, and slipped a dollar into his hand. He opened one of my trunks, lets a little tobacco smoke into the orifice to fumigate it, and then dismissed me with a very low bow. Then I was handed to a little grated wicket, where another official, who was smoking so desperately that he sat, as it were, in the midst of a fleecy cloud like one of Sir James Thornhill's allegories in the painted hall at Greenwich, asked me my name and country, and delivered to me a printed license to reside in Cuba for the space of three calendar months, which was very kind on his part, seeing that I only intended to remain in the island until the West India mail packet came in from St. Thomas. This license cost a good deal of money—four or five dollars I think—and I noticed that when the official had filled up the form, he was a very long time handing it from a small pepper castor, and looked very hard at me. I know from long experience what being intently regarded by an official of the Latin race means, and so "executed" myself without delay. We parted the best of friends, and I was a *pescado* the poorer.



PEPPERRELL ARMS.

a sepulchre of the dead. Access to the vault is obtained by removing the square block of granite observed in the engraving. To the tourist, who may hereafter visit the Pepperrell seat and tomb at Kittery Point, it may be interesting to know the cost of the imported marble structure: The marble and sculpture cost £3000. 10d.; searching for the arms at the Herald Office, 3s. 6d.; deal cases, 23 11s.; cartage, wharfage, etc., 10s.; total, £3411s. 4d. The marble tablet surrounding the structure (which is shockingly defaced) bears the following inscription:

Here lyes the body of the Honourable
WILLIAM PEPPERRELL Esq.
Who departed this life the 15th of Feby
Anno Domini 1753. In the 87th year
Of his Age.
With remains of great part of
his family.

Above this, in fine sculpture, is depicted the Pepperrell escutcheon. They bear for arms, argent a chevron gules between three pine-apples, sable. N.B.—No crest is to be found to the above-mentioned arms, being an ancient coat before vestis were used.

A little north of the Pepperrell tomb there is to be seen a rude slate stone, nearly covered by the rank grasses. Its appearance is venerable. Kneeling, we decipher, with difficulty, this rude epitaph, verbatim:

MIRIAM JACKSON
DAU to GEORGE
& JOANAH
JACKSON. Aged
17 Days. Died
Aug ye 11th 1720.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

The great white bear of the Arctic regions is much larger than the bears of America, even the grizzly bear, the king of the Rocky Mountains, being inferior to it in point of size. Living in caverns of ice, and depending on seals and fish for food, they are expert swimmers, and when on land have but poor fare on horses, birds, and such berries and roots as they can find. Mr. Bruin is an expert seal-catcher, and seldom is it that one escapes from his claws. But like all large bodies, he is lazy, and keeps a sharp look-out on all other seal-catchers, helping himself frequently from the nets of the Esquimaux. One dreary day two men went to visit their nets, finding a very fine seal entangled therein. One of them knelt down to take his prize out of the net, when he felt a tap on his back. Thinking it was his companion, he continued his occupation without taking any notice, when a second and heavier blow made him look up, and to his horror he saw an enormous bear standing by his side. The Esquimaux

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



MARKING A FINANCIER IN NEW ORLEANS.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.

Sensation in New Orleans.

One of those little freaks of fortune that place the recipient in no enviable position, recently occurred to a gentleman in New Orleans who was formerly President of a National Bank. While a prominent citizen was passing to his place of business with a brush and a pot of marking-ink in his hand, he met the financier and accosted him with some opprobrious epithets, to which the latter gentleman took grave exceptions. The merchant immediately grasped his opponent with one hand, and dashed the marking-ink over his face and clothing in the most dexterous and impartial manner. The assaulted gentleman prepared himself for physical combat, and attempted to cane his adversary. During the scuffle that ensued the merchant had the advantage, and having obtained possession of the cane, dealt lusty blows from it upon the head and shoulders of his companion with one hand, and began a clever act of strangulation after the most approved style with the other. Having satisfied his anger the victorious gen-



BURIED ALIVE AND SHOT AS A GHOST.

tleman released the wincing banker, who immediately took shelter in an omnibus, and was rapidly whirled from the scene amid the jeers and shouts of the crowd that had collected around the antagonists.

Buried Alive and Shot as a Ghost.

An aged and respectable gentleman residing in a small town in Ohio had an altercation with a profligate son, in which he succeeded in flooring the young man, and then fell backward to the floor himself with the blood streaming from his mouth and nostrils. An examination of the body was made by the family physician, who expressed the opinion that the old gentleman had suddenly died from the bursting of a blood-vessel. The funeral took place in proper season, and was largely attended. The remains were placed in the receiving-vault of the cemetery, and on the following evening a report was circulated that a ghost had been seen wandering about in a mysterious manner. Thinking his ghostship the impersonator of some trick, a party of men provided themselves with fire-arms and lanterns, and repaired to the locality indicated, and sure enough



AFRAID OF DISSECTION.

there was a white object moving slowly between the tombstones at no great distance from their feet. A gun was discharged, the ghost fell at the report, and the men rushing to the spot, were horrified to find within the funeral shrouds the bleeding, senseless body of the gentleman, who had been recently brought to the cemetery as dead. The old man had been in a trance, and when he recovered from his lethargy, had burst his coffin in the attempt to free himself, and was endeavoring to grope his way from the cemetery when he received this unceremonious reception at the hands of his neighbors.

Afraid of Dissection.

The negroes of the South since receiving their freedom have been the subjects of curious and almost in-

darkey ran up behind him, clasped the boy in his arms and dashed off at a break-neck speed, shouting, "murder," at the top of his voice. The officer started in pursuit, and overtaking the panting negro, demanded an explanation of his strange conduct. The man stated that the watchman was a doctor, and was intending to murder the little boy; that five or six negro children had been missing several days, and that portions of their clothing had been found in a ravine near the Medical College. The policeman assured the negro there was no truth in such reports, and promised that the boy should not suffer at the hands of young doctors.

An Accident in the Hoosac Tunnel.

Our illustration represents an appalling scene where the late fearful explosion occurred, at the Hoosac



APPALLING ACCIDENT WITH LOSS OF LIFE AT THE HOOSAC TUNNEL, MASSACHUSETTS.

credible notions. The privilege of voting was regarded as a sort of double-ender arrangement in which they were to deposit a ballot for the most reliable candidate, and receive therefore a certain something which might be speedily converted into provisions or liquor. As this illusion was dispelled another and more startling idea seized them, which was that the medical students had conspired to abduct themselves and their children, prevent their crying for assistance by placing sticking-plasters over their mouths, and then carrying them off to the dissecting-rooms where their bodies would be literally cut in pieces. As a private watchman in Richmond was pacing his beat he had occasion to arrest a little colored boy for some misdemeanor, and was conducting his prisoner to the lock-up, when a stalwart

tunnel, in which a sailor, named Thomas Mallory, displayed a rare degree of personal heroism under most trying circumstances. On the day of the explosion a stick of timber, designed for a flooring, was sent down the shaft with four men on it, and was successfully landed. As one of the men was stepping from the timber he caught his foot, and, losing his balance, fell from it, and in his fall he caught the man next him, and over he went; he also caught the man next, and he also followed, catching the last man, who was the sailor, who was sitting on the timber with his feet crossed under the timber. In a moment he was wheeled round the timber, with the other three men hanging to him, with his head down, they upright. There they were suspended to the timber only by the feet of the sailor



WONDERFUL FIDELITY OF A MULE.

clasped on the upper side of the timber, out of the reach of the signal rope, a hundred feet from the rocky floor. After a short time of suspense the upper three felt themselves relieved of a weight, and in a few moments heard a heavy thud on the rocks below, by which they knew that one of their comrades was gone. He was quickly followed by a second, but from him groans proceeded, so that they knew he was still alive. The third now said to the sailor, "I suppose it will be my turn soon, as I cannot hold on much longer;" but the sailor cheered him, and told him that he would save him. He told him to swing himself, and when he could feel the timber with his feet and clasp it with them. After some time swinging he was enabled to do so, and after some further time, to get up on the top of the timber. Relieved of the weight, the sailor, after resting himself as well as he could in his position, was also able to get up. Then the sailor got up and went to the signal-rope and signaled, "Serious accident—send help." Help was sent, and these two were drawn to the top. The two who had fallen both died, the one instantly and the other in eight hours thereafter.



HARSH BREAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

Wonderful Fidelity of a Mule.

The fidelity of the dog has become proverbial, and while we praise his other noble qualities, it is for his constant devotion we yield him the palm of honor, and decree him our most faithful companion. But a rival has loomed up in the form of a mule whose remarkable fidelity is in pleasing contrast with the stubbornness of that animal when beaten and overworked by ignorant drivers. Several weeks ago a young man who was employed in the capacity of mail-carrier on the Paracifia route in Arkansas, was brutally murdered while discharging his official duty. A rigid search was made for the body, and it was ultimately found in an out-of-the-way gully terribly mangled by wolves. During eight days subsequent to the murder and previous to the discovery of the remains, the mule which the young man rode was noticed wandering round the fatal spot, breaking his vigil only when obliged to quench his thirst. He had been tracked a distance of nearly two miles to a small muddy creek, from which, after taking a moderate drink, he returned to guard the lifeless body of his



SAVED BY HER WATERFALL.

murdered master. No traces were discovered of the murderer or the mail bag, but the wonderful fidelity of the mule was made the subject of general comment.

Sabbath-Breaking Extraordinary.

It is said that he who performs secular labor on the Sabbath will meet with certain disappointment before the next day's sun has set. A case in point is furnished by a tough old sailor who had forsaken his adopted element and taken to agricultural pursuits. With him each day was of equal value. His neighbors were subject to great annoyance by his persistency in carrying on his farm labor every pleasant Sunday—yet there appeared no opportunity by which the disturbance might be abated. On a certain charming Sabbath morning it was reported to the sailor that a hive of his bees had swarmed and were on their way to the depot. He instantly quit his work, seized an empty hive that was at hand, and started in pursuit of the fugitives without hat or coat. He succeeded in securing a portion of the bees, but unfortunately spilled a quantity of honey upon the ground from the hive he held in his hands, at which the remainder of the bees darted, and the ground about his feet was quickly covered by them. A squad of the fugitives took shelter in the inside of his pantaloons, and began stinging his limbs in the most unmerciful manner. Holding the hive in one hand he unbuckled his garments, shook himself from their embrace, and started off at full speed for the farm-house. When he reached the house he had but a single garment on besides his boots, and was received with boisterous demonstrations by the neighbors, who confronted him at every turn, notwithstanding the sanctity of the day.

Saved by her Waterfall.

When the masculine mind inveighs against the very unbecoming life-preserver called a waterfall, he has no more idea of its good qualities than had the miserable inventor thereof, but from this time forth let him hold his peace on account of the facts herein reported. In Wisconsin, two ladies of Milwaukee, accompanied by a child and driver, were being driven through Beaver Dam in a democrat wagon, when the seat overturned, the bolt securing it having become unfastened, and all the occupants of the seat were violently thrown to the ground. Luckily the lady carrying a waterfall was the undermost of the heap of spilled humanity, and served as a cushion for the rest, being saved from instant death from concussion of the brain by this hideous fashion. Surely it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

A DREAM REALIZED.—Some time during last summer a stranger stopped at a farmhouse and asked permission to stay over night, which was readily granted by the hospital farmer. A couple of hours after retiring for the night, the stranger was taken suddenly and violently ill, and for several days was apparently deranged. On his recovery he informed his host that during his illness he had dreamed three nights in succession that he had discovered in a certain ravine, near the house, under a rock, an earthen crock containing a large amount of silver. At this the old gentleman expressed surprise, and spoke of it as being a very mysterious dream. Afterward, however, they were walking together in that direction, and the dream was again adverted to by the stranger. An examination was at once proposed by the farmer, to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after brushing the leaves carefully away it was removed, and to their utter amazement there sat a crock full of silver. They took it out and conveyed it secretly to the house, and on examination it was found to contain \$1,000 which they agreed to divide equally between them. The day after this discovery, as the stranger was about to take his leave, he complained to his benefactor of the inconvenience of carrying so much silver, when an exchange was proposed, the stranger receiving his share in notes. It was not long after the departure of his guest, however, till mine host made another discovery—his \$1,000 in silver was counterfeit, and he had thus been ingeniously swindled out of \$500. The story was kept quiet for several months, but it finally leaked out, and we now give it to our readers precisely as we heard it.

NO SKATER need complain of the want of a sufficiently large and varied stock of skates to make a selection from, for there is an extensive assortment in the market, from which the most scrupulous may satisfy themselves. Among all the popular styles that have been used during the last six or seven years, none have held their position in the estimation of professional skaters as the ones adopted by the New York Skating Club. These skates are simple in construction and as durable as any other. There are no straps to check the circulation of the blood or prevent a free motion of the feet, and there are no sharp teeth in the clamps to disfigure the sole of the boot. They are held in position by a pair of clamps, which firmly clasp the sole but do not tear it, and by a steel button which enters a copper socket inserted in the heel of the boot. Alterations have been made by which the skate is as well adapted to a lady's gaiter as to a gentleman's boot, and all who have used this style express their satisfaction with the qualities for which the skate is recommended to popular favor.

EDUCATION.—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which properly managed, enlightens the mind.

Editorial Notice in the New York Daily Times, Nov. 15th.

The Gettysburg Soldiers' Home.

In the window of one of the most splendid jewelry stores on Broadway there is a large collection of diamond necklaces, brooches, rings, ear-drops and bracelets, to which a curious and very romantic history is attached. They were originally stripped from the rich attire of the leading ladies of the South, and were presented as a voluntary contribution to aid their beloved "Confederacy" in its early days of pride and patriotic frenzy. Sent North to be converted into money, these jewels finally accumulated in the hands of an opulent merchant of this city, and have since been purchased from him by the trustees and directors of the Gettysburg Asylum Association—an enterprise of irregular but benevolent character, specially chartered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania during its last session, approved by Governor Gray, and warmly endorsed by Ex-Governor Andrew Curtin and many other gentlemen of eminence both in military and civil life.

It is a melancholy fact that all efforts of a strictly legitimate character to found "Homes" in the various States for the crippled and disabled veterans of the late war—such as England has in the Chelsea Hospital and France in the Palace of the Invalides—have heretofore proved utter failures. Act after act has been passed in this and other States, incorporating large numbers of responsible and eminent gentlemen for the purpose of collecting subscriptions and holding real estate, with a view to the erection of a "State Soldiers' Home," but what is "everybody's business," we all know to be "nobody's business," and in spite of all legislation and all charters, those various acts have so far remained, and are likely to remain, a dead letter and wholly void, so far as any practical benefit to the disabled veterans of our late war may be concerned. Some private interests, we find, must be involved to carry forward even

the most praiseworthy undertaking; and it was under this view of the case, and from the imminent necessity of providing a "Soldiers' Home," that the Pennsylvania Legislature issued the charter authorizing the enterprise now known as the "Gettysburg Asylum Association."

We have reason to believe that the affair differs in *toto* from the common run of "gift enterprises," so called—speculations chiefly organized by illegal adventurers for their personal benefit, and with no regard to the dupes who may be led to invest their money; while in this Gettysburg Soldiers' Home enterprise the object is of the highest importance, and its conduct is in the hands of gentlemen who will see that the provisions of the act are carried out faithfully—the land for the Soldiers' Home being already purchased on the battle-field of Gettysburg, and the payment to the State, required by law, having been made. It is also certain that its chief features are tangible and can be seen, as witness the diamonds and other gems on Broadway, now on exhibition, the famous ocean-racing yacht "Henrietta," purchased by the trustee from her late proprietor, and now lying at anchor in the North River, within sight of the Hoboken ferry-boats. With these points settled, and to stand upon, it is but fair to presume that the balance of the property advertised will be found equally accessible.

That such an enterprise as this must meet with opposition from some of the regular dealers in lotteries and the ordinary run of swindling "gift enterprises" is only to be expected; and doubtless it will also be opposed by many who have conscientious scruples against anything that has the form of a lottery, however fairly managed it may be. For ourselves, we would gladly see the Gettysburg Soldiers' Home created and endowed in some other manner, but how else is it to be created? We do not think that a dollar is likely either to make or mar any subscriber; and if the persons who have practical control of this enterprise will only carry it out in as good faith as we have been led to expect, we shall heartily rejoice at whatever legitimate profit in the way of "commission" they may realize from their benevolent undertaking.

ABOUT BOYS.—Teach a boy to stand up for the truth—and fight for it if need be—he will lack neither physical power nor moral energy; and the mental faculties will suffer nothing in the exercise. If he can despise "bully," and dare to be called a "sneak," he will conquer all things needful to render him an enlightened member of society, and an honorable citizen of the world. A boy who is well trained at home has little to fear in this way at school; young Valiant-for-the-Truth will command respect even from those who affect to condemn and shun him. Having passed through the ordeal of school life victoriously, he becomes a man, builds his castle, and takes up his abode in it.

A MOST SUITABLE HOLIDAY PRESENT for a smoker is undoubtedly a genuine Meerschaum, which Messrs. Pollak & Son, sell at manufacturers' price at their stores: 27 John, near Nassau, and 692 and 693 Broadway, near Fourth street. Also, Repairing, Boring, and Amber-work done. Send for Circular to Letter-box 5,846.

We must pass through this world to unlock the mysteries of the next, and it is only in the next that we can find a key to unlock the mysteries of this.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so honest and true."

If they had been wise, the dire necessity of opening the grave for one so lovely might have been averted. Plantation Bitters, if timely used, are sure to rescue the young and lovely, the middle-aged, and the ailing, from confirmed sickness.

Almost all diseases have their beginning in some slight difficulty of the stomach, which would eventuate in Dyspepsia, Headache, Liver Complaints, Night Sweats, Consumption, Death. Plantation Bitters will prevent these premonitory symptoms, and keep the blood pure and health good.

While they invigorate the system, they enliven the mind.

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PURGE OUT THE MORBID HUMORS of the Blood, by a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies.

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Embracing the most prominent and wonderful specimens of animated nature ever exhibited. Can be seen day and night.

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45 Alike in the Boudoir or the Bath. In the city or country, ladies should ever be provided with a cake of GOURAUD's delicious Italian Medicated Soap, which will be found gratefully refreshing to the cuticle, dispelling languor, silaying all irritability and heat, and by its soothing and softening properties immediately producing those delightfully pleasing sensations attendant on restored elasticity and a healthful state of the skin. The frightful disfigurements of freckles, spots, pimples, tan, flushes, sallowness, worms in the skin, tetter, ringworm, barber's itch, eruptions, moth and discolorations vanish on its application, giving place to associated beauties of witching whiteness, silken softness, and brilliant bloom! Gentlemen with tender skins and stiff beards who would enjoy a real luxurious tonsorial operation are recommended to try it. Found at DR. GOURAUD'S old Depot, 453 Broadway, and Druggists.

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JUST PUBLISHED.—The new number of FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN, containing the Comic history of the month, and full of illustrations, with sixteen pages of the best humorous reading matter. The Cartoons are, THAT HORRID THING, NEGRO SUFFRAGE—THE NIGGER JONAH AND THE PIRATE SHIP—THE GREAT CHRISTMAS DINNER, and fifty other illustrations, full of fun. Jefferson Johnson's Message to Congress, Blue Pill Guard Excursion, etc., Great Comic Microscope. For sale by all News-men.

Vitis, Vitæ.

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"In the hours of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Nationality." —LINCOLN.

GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT

TO ERECT THE

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM

FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,

UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness: who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and, in fact, nearly all European Countries, have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalk of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home, and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, October 28th, 1867.
Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours,
CHAR. G. HALPIN.
Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall.

From the Postmaster-General of the United States.

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.
A. W. RANDALL.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment.

October 25th, 1867.
We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

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In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the \$300,000 Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Brown & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned Yacht "Henrietta" has also been purchased. The Farm of 600 Acres is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

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One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at

HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

\$641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

1. 1 Grand Cash Award.....	\$100,000	54. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring.....	\$1,500
2. 1 Splendid Farm (600 acres).....	60,000	55. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud.....	1,500
3. 1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta".....	50,000	56. 1 Diamond Bracelet.....	1,500
4. 1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliant.....	30,000	57. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring.....	1,500
5. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds).....	25,000	58. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring.....	1,500
6. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds).....	25,000	59. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl.....	1,500
7. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings.....	15,000	60. 1 Choice Emerald Stud.....	1,500
8. 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliant, Star Setting.....	8,000	61. 1 Single Stone Ring.....	1,500
9. 1 Diamond Necklace, 20 Brilliant.....	7,000	62. 1 Single Stone Pin.....	1,500
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11. 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliant.....	6,000	64. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin.....	1,500
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13. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch.....	5,000	66. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring.....	1,500
14. 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings.....	5,000	67. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring.....	1,500
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17. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch.....	4,000	70. 1 Diamond and Ruby Three-Stone Ring.....	1,500
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43. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin.....	2,500	96. 1 Cameo Brooch.....	1,500
44. 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-rings, and Head Ornament.....	2,500	97. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring.....	1,500
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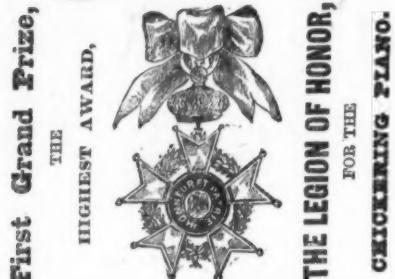
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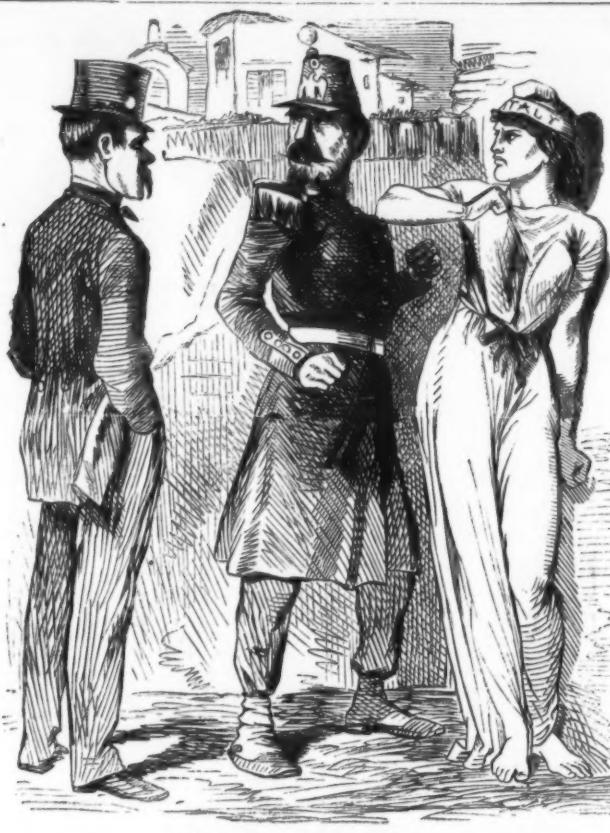
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